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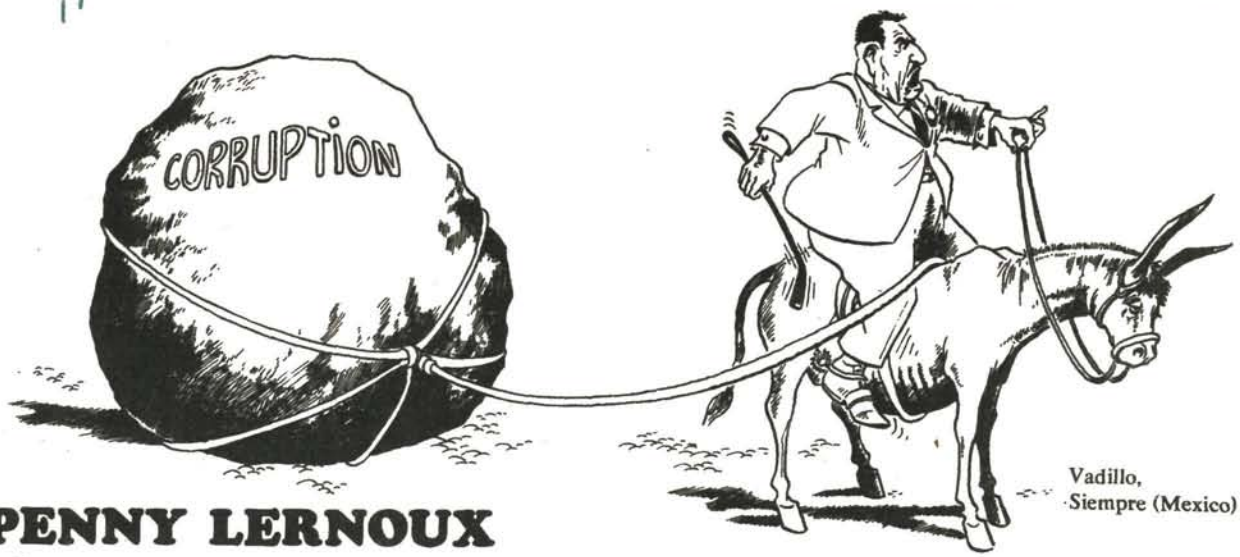

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

PENNY LERNOUX

THE LATIN AMERICAN DISEASE

(From the Novels of Vargas Llosa)

Trident: American Roulette

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

Diplomacy or Bribery? A Hard Look at Africa

MICHAEL R. CODEL

BARBARA DAMROSCH

WHAT'S NEW IN [illegible] AGES

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LETTERS

hell, yes!

Chicago, Ill.

Hesitating to debate such intellectual luminaries as Leonard Kriegel [review of my *Red, White & Blue-Collar Views, The Nation*, Sept. 27] and Studs Terkel [letter about same, *The Nation*, Oct. 25], I nevertheless will point out that they both seem to miss the point of my anti-intellectualism. Until American intellectuals cease their mooning over lefty dictators and ground themselves with Edmund Burke, who saw the difference between 1776 and 1793, they will be trapped in 1793.

It's a strange political animal who demands a civil libertarian system at home (especially in regard to such as capital punishment) and yet can applaud the law and order that operates in Left dictatorships. You cannot have it both ways; you are for the expansion of civil liberties in toto or you are not. It is frightening to realize that it might well be that the American Left would seek to do more than just admire and could seek to imitate. In that regard—hell, yes! I am opposed. *Mike Lavelle*

P.S. I have yet to read a review that deals with job safety, multinational corporations (and domestic) in the specifics that comprise a good portion of my book. The book does not deal exclusively with esoteric politics, even though the reviews do. . . .

Brown's new brooms

Sacramento, Calif.

I read with interest and concern Jennifer Cross's article on consumer action in California ["Smoking Out the Bureaucrats," *The Nation*, Oct. 4]. I am interested since my agency, the Agriculture and Services Agency, has within it both the Department of Consumer Affairs (DCA) and the Department of Food and Agriculture, which are specifically discussed in the article. I am concerned because Ms. Cross has failed to report objectively the affirmative consumer actions taken by the two department directors . . . . To set the record straight, the following actions have been taken thus far to protect the consumers of California:

(*1*) Director Wallace of the Department of Food and Agriculture suspended minimum retail milk prices in the Sacramento area resulting in a drop of approximately 4 cents in the half-gallon price. The department is now studying the effect of the price suspension on market competition and the economic impact of deregulation on consumers before suspending elsewhere. In addition, Governor Brown, upon the recommendation of the Department of Consumer Affairs, vetoed Senate Bill 492. . . which would have reaffirmed the state's support for minimum milk pricing laws.

(*2*) Director Wallace suspended marketing order regulations to allow the expedited fresh market sale of surplus clingstone peaches in the Berkeley Co-op markets in competition with the more popular freestone peaches. Support and coordination for this project was provided by the Department of Consumer Affairs.

(*3*) Public members are being appointed by the director of Food and Agriculture to each of the state's agricultural advisory marketing boards by administrative action.

(*4*) Upon taking office, both director Wallace and director of Consumer Affairs, Taketsugu Takei, set up consumer advisory panels composed of interested consumer activists. . . .

(*5*) Ms. Ruth Yannatta, formerly with Fight Inflation Together, and one of the organizers of the meat boycott, was appointed special assistant to the director by Mr. Takei.

(*6*) Existing financial resources were redirected and a $475,000 augmentation was approved to vitalize the Division of Consumer Services to carry out its mandate. . . .

(*7*) The Department of Consumer Affairs intervened in a lawsuit against one of its own licensing boards, the Board of Pharmacy, in favor of a policy of authorizing generic substitution for prescription drugs.

(*8*) The Department of Consumer Affairs held California's first state-sponsored consumer conference. . . .

(*9*) A director of Consumer Affairs, for the first time in the state history, testified before a committee of the California legislature,

(*Continued on page 532*)

EDITORIALS

Odious Vote

The November 10th vote of the U.N. General Assembly, which linked Zionism with South African apartheid and condemned it as a form of racism, was itself an odious expression of racism. Zionism is the nationalism of the state of Israel; it has nothing whatever to do with racism.

Unhappily, the vote was not only shameful but predictable. It was the result, at least in part, of a basic flaw in the world organization, whose Charter begins with a reference to "We the Peoples of the United Nations." But the U.N. has evolved as an organization of regimes, not of peoples. The votes in the General Assembly are dictated by purely political concerns, and any reference to the wishes of the people supposedly represented there is coincidental. In addition, though the form is superficially democratic, the substance is quite otherwise. The Maldive Islands, with 122,000 inhabitants, are endowed in the General Assembly with the same voting power as nations literally thousands of times more populous. All this makes any claim that the General Assembly speaks for the "peoples" of the world simply grotesque.

By itself, the vote on Zionism was an exercise in spite that changes nothing. But there is a real danger that, in understandable anger, the U.S. Congress may be moved to vote down support for the wide spectrum of valuable social, cultural and technical activities conducted by the U.N. Secretariat's many subordinate organizations. The United States supplies 25 per cent of the basic U.N. budget, and in addition contributes voluntarily to many

ANNOUNCEMENT

On December 16, 1975, Ralph Nader is sponsoring a dinner in tribute to two congenial magazines: *The Nation* and *The Progressive*, the well-known monthly founded by Robert LaFollette and published in Madison, Wisconsin.

John Kenneth Galbraith will preside. Speakers will include Senator Frank Church of Idaho, noted cartoonist Herbert Block, Eleanor Holmes Norton, Chairwoman of the New York City *Commission on* Human Rights, and Mr. Nader.

The dinner will be held at the Waldorf Astoria, Park Avenue and 50th Street, New York City. Reservations will be $100 per person. Proceeds will be divided between our two publications, and used to strengthen our voices by increasing readership.

We hope that all of our readers who possibly can will attend this important event. Your help is urgently needed!

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other essential programs. A vindictive Congress, unaware of the very real distinctions between political posturing in the Assembly and the solid, impartial and world-wide achievements of the U.N.'s specialized agencies, might be tempted into hasty and ill-considered retaliation.

At noon on the day after the vote, tens of thousands of people crowded into New York's garment district for a highly emotional rally of protest which, according to John Burns of *The New York Times*, reached a peak during the speech of Chaim Herzog, permanent Israeli representative to the U.N., in which he referred to "the Jewish heart beating as one throughout the world." At the same time in Washington, both houses of Congress adopted unanimous resolutions calling for reassessment of America's relationship to the United Nations, while various legislators were quoted by the *Times* as believing that the United States should reduce payments to the world body, eliminate foreign aid for "countries which consistently oppose" us, or even pull out of the U.N. altogether. President Ford received a delegation of nine members of the Israeli Parliament and used the occasion to add his voice to the chorus denouncing the U.N. vote.

The heat of this reaction will diminish in the weeks ahead, but hostility toward the United Nations, which has always existed in this country, may well be permanently increased. The temptation to answer malevolence with malevolence must be resisted.

ERA: Mistakes and Promise

Both supporters and opponents of the state Equal Rights Amendments, defeated this month in New York and New Jersey, say it was the women who killed the ERA. With four states still needed to ratify the federal ERA, the loss in the two Northeastern states could slow the already lagging momentum for national passage enough to make meeting the 1979 ratification deadline impossible. Or, to make the opposite guess, the local losses could seal a national victory. For there are surely lessons to be learned from this month's balloting. Some seem immediately apparent; others may emerge after the votes are further—and statistically—analyzed.

Some 60 per cent of American women, reports Enid Nemy in *The New York Times*, do not work outside their homes. Of the remainder, a large percentage are blue-collar workers. And though the women's movement in this country has wrought a minor revolution in self-perception among a large segment of those women sufficiently educated to be open to the introspection and theoretical analysis that has been so stressed by the movement, at least among those who voted in New York and New Jersey it has failed to convince a majority that equal rights under the law are in their interest.

The setback to the equal rights movement this month was no more than that, and it is important for both critics and proponents to avoid generalizing from the ERA's losses to a damning critique of the women's cause generally. Though it has a long heritage, the mass-based women's movement of today is still young. Defeat on one issue at the polls signifies only that it has not succeeded in winning a wide majority for the ERA. How well would the ERA have fared five years ago? That the proposed amend-

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ment did as well as it did, that it had behind it such a sweeping coalition of support from public officials and interest groups indicates how much the American consciousness has been raised.

The anti-ERA forces, often allied with and abetted by right-wing groups, have thrived nationally on a scare campaign: unisex bathrooms, the breakdown of the family and more. The articulate, verbally oriented ERA advocates responded to such fears by belittling them. But though unisex bathrooms would not have come in the wake of ERA passage, certain paternalistic "privileges" that some women have enjoyed under sexist law would vanish once the ERA was enacted. Draft law, divorce law, jury law, occupational law—all of these would be altered, would lose their woman pedestaled elements once equal rights for women prevailed. And rightly so, yet evidently a large portion of women, perhaps a majority, fears this loss of legal protection.

These fears should be recognized as legitimate. For they are understandable responses to those sexist ways of society that have given participants in the women's movement such a vibrant sense of reformist—and, in a few cases, revolutionary—mission. "Our biggest forward thrust should be to communicate our priorities to housewives and blue-collar workers," Muriel Fox, a founder of the National Organization of Women and a past chairwoman of its board, told the *Times* shortly after Election Day. "We have to communicate with them, talk to them, and listen to what they are saying."

She's right. Movements for change in America can succeed only when they offer both an acceptable critique of the *status quo* and a realistic promise for improvement once change has occurred. Rejecting a social environment that is superficially protective while profoundly oppressive is difficult, especially when its oppression is mystified and disguised. There are risks, both psychological and economic, in change. The women's movement should emphasize equal rights as but a jumping-off point as it continues to articulate just, alternative ways of living and perceiving and advances a vision that includes supportive institutions that will make equality for women compellingly attractive. Only when women are fully aware of, when they believe in, what lies on the other side of ERA will they be willing to risk the difficult freedom it engenders. If ERA is to be propelled to a national success, that lesson must be learned, as it must by those who at any time and in whatever terms wish to change America in a fundamental way.

Charge Dismissed

By dismissing on a technicality the charge against Rep. Michael Harrington (D., Mass.) of illegal disclosure of CIA activities in Chile, the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct managed to avoid tackling an issue that will no doubt recur: do members of Congress—and their publics—have a compelling right to executive information that supersedes administration claims to secrecy?

The problem was especially sticky in the Harrington case, for he had signed a pledge not to disclose the contents of secret testimony given April 22, 1974 by CIA Director William Colby on American intervention in the Chilean coup. It may be said that he should not have signed the pledge, but if he had refused no doubt the information would have been withheld. Indeed, the crux of the matter is whether, except perhaps in time of war, the executive has the right to require such a pledge. Harrington says he was so disturbed by Colby's description of CIA operations in that affair that he believed it his duty to inform other members of Congress about them. As he tells it, reports of Colby's testimony reached public print only after a letter he had written to another member of Congress was obtained by a reporter.

The publication of information about Colby's Chile testimony before the House intelligence subcommittee was an essential factor in creating a national climate hospitable to the subsequent investigations of the CIA and FBI. Directly or indirectly, Harrington justified the trust of the Americans who elected him by refusing to participate in the cover-up of CIA transgressions in Chile. As might be expected, pro-CIA forces in Congress were enraged by his breech of agreement. Charges resulted, but settled nothing basic. Solely on the ground that the meeting at which Colby testified was not run according to House rules—no public notice was given, no quorum was present and no secrecy vote was taken—Harrington has avoided possible censure by his colleagues.

Incredibly, three members of the Standards Committee voted to pursue the charge anyway. It might have been useful, though perhaps painful to Mr. Harrington, if this pernicious notion of executive cover-up—and routine Congressional complicity in it—had been confronted. Official Washington, it is often said, leaks at every seam. But normally it does so according to a specific pattern: politicians and bureaucrats usually leak material—sometimes secret—to serve their personal or political interests. While ex-Presidents flout secrecy rules to compose favorable memoirs, and crafty bureaucrats hold self-serving deep background sessions to shore up their standing, the public has been forced to rely on occasional Deep Throat whistle blowers and rare instances of what amounts to a civil disobedience of anti-secrecy. Daniel Ellsberg, Anthony Russo, Victor Marchetti, Philip Agee and Michael Harrington became public servants in the best sense when they alerted us to a darker side of America that the government's security apparatus daily struggles to hide. Secrecy thrives on a sense that knowledge belongs to the privileged. Harrington's action and similar disclosures by others are essential for a politics that is democratic.

Help for Vietnam

Why is the administration so unalterably opposed to normalizing relations with the two Vietnams? "The reason," Gareth Porter writes in *The New York Times*, "may be that the policy is related not to future United States interests in Southeast Asia but to the defense of past United States policy."

If Porter is correct, as he seems to be, then President Ford's talk about having learned the lessons of Vietnam is not only empty rhetoric but also deception. Just what those lessons are, of course, varies from learner to learner, but it would seem that any reasonable analysis of the Vietnam experience would indicate that unreasonable antipathy for

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a country that offers no threat to the United States has no place in American foreign policy.

Henry Kissinger, after all, did agree more than two years ago to American reconstruction of Vietnam, and the government's refusal to honor that pledge just because the United States was not victorious reveals a strain of that arrogant *machismo* that contributed so heavily to the course of American intervention in the first place. This country did its best for the war-torn after World War II, and precedent for current reconstruction aid might be found in the Marshall Plan. Yet intertwined with the cold-war motivations that spurred that plan was a sense that all our former enemies had been vanquished, that aid was a sign of our essential gallantry. Aid now, as Porter suggests, inevitably involves introspection and admission of government guilt. Then, too, America sent no help to Communist countries following World War II.

For these very reasons, aid for Vietnam becomes a political issue of primary importance. Like normalizing relations, but even more so, aiding the reconstruction of Vietnam would contribute significantly to the reconstruction of the national attitude at home, making much more possible a universal amnesty and an end to the kind of Manichean mentality that caused so many of the American people to support the war for so long. The Vietnamese have done their part. By all reports their victory has been a gentle one, considering the length and cost of their fight.

Since, for now, the government seems unprepared to accept the responsibilities it incurred by destroying Vietnam, leadership in the reconciliation process has fallen to those who fought the war's continuation for a decade at least. Many of the primary anti-war forces have united in a coalition effort they call "Friendshipment" (235 East 49th St., New York, N.Y. 10017), which plans to use tax-deductible contributions to send the Vietnamese the supplies and tools they need to heal and rebuild their nation, augmenting the efforts of such member groups as the American Friends Service Committee and the Bach Mai Hospital Relief Fund. Their effort warrants support. Yet they can make only a start toward what needs, by any moral standards, to be done. Friendshipment's organizers say: "The United States Government spent over $150 billion for death and destruction. A fraction of that will be enough to repair the physical damage of the war. . . . Let us help meet their needs, and let us demand immediate action by our governments." At the least, Washington should cease obstructing aid efforts.

As Rep. Richard Ottinger (D., N.Y.) has said, movements toward reconciliation with Vietnam could lead to a final accounting of those missing in action. And they "will begin to bind the wounds suffered at home as a result of the war, and hopefully keep us from engaging ourselves in a similar situation in the future." America has perhaps no more compelling task.

Mexican Justice

Five hundred and fifty American citizens are imprisoned in Mexico. They have not been treated well. A House subcommittee has "confirmed a number of instances of blatant abuse of the rights of our citizens" there. According to Rep. Dante B. Fascell (D., Fla.), charges of mistreatment include allegations of "entrapment, torture, forced signings of unexplained legal documents, failure to notify U.S. officials of arrests, inadequate health care in prison, extortion of prisoners in jail, unscrupulous Mexican attorneys, failure to comply with Mexican constitutional and legal standards and improper seizure and misuse of the property of our citizens."

The Mexican Government so far has been less than responsive to American protests against such conduct, responding to just five of twenty-four diplomatic notes sent from Washington, and answering at least four only with acknowledgments. Rep. Fortnoy Stark (D., Calif.), one of the more aggressive members of Congress in his defense of the rights of American citizens jailed in Mexico, says the State Department has so far made only a "feeble response" to the problem, though federal law requires that the executive take vigorous action when necessary to protect the rights of citizens who fall foul of the law in foreign countries.

Acting on requests by Stark and others, and having conducted its own investigation, the House subcommittee on international, political and military affairs, of which Fascell is chairman, has written Secretary of State Kissinger asking that the State Department "forcefully bring to the attention" of the Mexican Government that it and Congress know the rights of Americans have been violated, that sufficient resources be allocated for State Department investigation of the case of each imprisoned American by March 1 and, among other things, that procedures be established and personnel assigned to insure that the chances of future violations be minimized.
that the likelihood of future violations of this sort is reduced to the minimum.

Recent reports indicate that Mexico has become the principal supplier of heroin to the United States. Remedial action on both a diplomatic and customs level is necessary. But the rights of Americans—both abroad and at this nation's borders—must be paramount, and the subcommittee's request should be followed through by appropriate executive response—and continued Congressional vigilance.

Two Awards for *The Nation*

In 110 years of publication, *The Nation* has received its share—and perhaps more—of prizes and awards. The editor's office walls are pretty well covered with citations, and they spill out into the hallway. The first week of November added two more.

The Penney-Missouri Magazine Award, sponsored by the University of Missouri School of Journalism and the J.C. Penney Foundation, was given to "The Women of the Boycott," an article on the women associated with Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers, by Barbara L. Baer and Glenna Matthews (*The Nation*, February 23, 1974). On the day after this presentation, a handsome plaque was placed in *The Nation*'s office, designating it as an "Historic Site in Journalism." It was bestowed by Sigma Delta Chi, the society of professional journalists.

We treasure these honors from within our profession and are determined that *The Nation* will continue to publish work deserving of such recognition.

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DIPLOMACY OR BRIBERY?

A HARD LOOK AT AFRICA

MICHAEL R. CODEL

Washington

Secretary Kissinger's new policy toward Africa may be new for Kissinger, but there seems to be little new in it for Africa.

The Secretary of State told African foreign ministers in September:

> America has three major concerns:
>
> That Africa will attain prosperity for its people and become a strong participant in the economic order—an economic partner with a growing stake in the international system.
>
> That self-determination, racial justice and human rights spread to all of Africa.
>
> And that the continent be free of great power rivalry or conflict.

Let's test the substance of these three points in the order given. Kissinger's economic ideas are good intentions which, in the African context, could easily run aground on the shoals of greed. He proposes further increases in foreign aid to secure African economies against losses from poor commodities prices, to improve markets for those commodities, to double bilateral agricultural production assistance, to contribute $25 million to the African Development Fund, to provide further emergency aid to the drought-stricken Sahel, to promote and guarantee more private American capital, managerial and technological investment.

Except for the commodities guarantee plan, each of these ideas is no more than an expanded or reiterated version of the economic policy followed by this country since the early 1960s. What is missing is some new element that could make it work, some specific mechanisms to assure that all this assistance actually does reach the people of Africa and is not, as in the past, intercepted by the ruling elites for their personal gain.

That is the crux of many of our foreign policy problems in developing countries. The political dilemma is that any aid must in some way be funneled through the host government, and a suggestion that part of it just might be diverted to purposes other than those intended would risk offending these sensitive sovereign states. It also involves the diplomatic tradition that any national leader, unless we are at war with him, is owed a certain amount of groveling deference, even if he is a semi-literate thief.

Some of Africa's leaders may be semi-literate thieves, but all of them are smart. They're "street-wise." They know how to survive in their own cultures, and if they can assure that survival by ripping off the hand of altruistic foreign assistance, they'll do it. If they were part of America's domestic scene, they'd be called welfare cheats and, if caught, could be tossed in jail. But they are foreign Presidents, Prime Ministers, Excellencies and the like, and to treat them as welfare cheats would deny them the deference they think is their due.

I spent four years in Africa watching too much of our foreign aid slip into the pockets of top-level welfare cheats. My Peace Corps experience showed me how the then Northern Nigerian regional government used the money it saved by not having to pay volunteer teachers to build better wives' quarters or to buy Rolls Royces for high officials.

In the Congo (now Zaire) and elsewhere, I saw our PL-480 agricultural assistance program commodities, still in their "handshake" bags, being sold at exorbitant prices on the private market. Another gem, which may be continuing, concerns that part of our foreign aid called "budget support." About ten years ago, a U.S. Government official in the Congo told me that the government there was getting some $5 million a year in "budget support." Asked what part of the budget our aid was supporting, he referred to the shiny private cars (usually German Mercedes), the sumptuous villas and other private amenities of the local public officials. That was pretty frank talk from an American diplomat, but he knew we were bribing the elite of the day to look upon us with favor. Congress is now attacking multinational corporations for doing the same thing, albeit with smaller amounts of money (shareholders', not taxpayers').

If Congress considers such corporate actions immoral, it had better make sure that any appropriations based on Kissinger's "new policy" are not used in the same way. Unfortunately, I do not expect Congress to adopt such a single standard. For fifteen years it has been voting for official bribery as an instrument of foreign policy. How regrettable that the fruits of these public endeavors have been less beneficial to African development, and to our own balance of payments, than have our private ones.

If Secretary Kissinger's "new" economic policies are to have any real meaning to the 99.9 per cent of Africa's people who may rightly be considered underprivileged, strict controls must be placed on the entire flow of aid, from donor to recipient. Our diplomatic corps is trained and paid to find ways of circumventing the delicate sensitivities of the few in order to achieve our avowed aim of helping the many. Let them earn their pay.

Mr. Kissinger's call for spreading racial justice, self-determination and human rights to all of Africa is a well-wrought double entendre. To his black African audience, this could only have meant the endorsement of a new dawn of justice in white-ruled southern Africa. His speech's seven paragraphs on that region, compared to its ever so slight reference to "ethnic strife" elsewhere in Africa, showed which "entendre" he meant to drive home.

It is too bad that some force was not given to the other meaning: an end to the atrocious racism of Idi Amin; to the bloody suppression of minority tribal rights in a

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Michael Codel has been reporting on and analyzing African events since 1963. His articles have appeared in, among other publications, Business International *and* Africa Journal.

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number of African states; and to the inhuman detention of political prisoners by practically all the military, and some civilian, regimes on the continent. Again, our foreign policy establishment, for reasons best known to itself, fears upsetting the delicate feelings of sensitive tyrants. We are not faultless in our domestic race relations and treatment of dissent, but that does not excuse our tacit support of even greater degrees of inhumanity elsewhere.

Secretary Kissinger also inveighed against "great power rivalry" in Africa. Apparently, some of our policy makers still fear that offending the tiny African elite, even for the benefit of the greater African people, might cause us to "lose" Africa to the Communists (as if Africa, any more than China or Vietnam, were ours to "lose"). Whether such thinking comes from the State Department, Congress or even the CIA, misapplying "pro-" or "anti-Communist" or Western labels to the realities of Africa is an old story.

The Washington Post put the question in perspective in its September 27th editorial on the CIA in Angola and Portugal when it wrote that the CIA's intervention is based "partly on the discredited premise that it matters for Washington to contest with Moscow for influence and resources in proud, new, changeable African states."

The CIA's involvement in Angola, if true as reported, must be straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*. The faction said to be backed by the CIA is not at all the one frequently labeled "pro-Western," but the one labeled "pro-Chinese." Maybe someone forgot to read the label on the magic bottle!

Examples of such ill-conceived policies go far back in modern African history. The late President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana preached "African Socialism," which aroused certain suspicions here in the early 1960s. So he turned to his East European "friends" who gave him 10,000 snowplows for his tropical country and shoddy consumer goods which the Ghanians wouldn't touch, even though they were without alternatives on their almost barren shelves. Nkrumah was bounced from power while on a 1966 trip to Peking and the Ghanian army has been trying to sort things out ever since.

One of the more colorful examples of how supposedly sophisticated world powers misread labels occurred in the Congolese parliament building in 1960. Agents of both the Soviet Union and the United States were observed passing out bundles of money to parliamentarians to win support for "pro-" or "anti-Communist" parties. The local politicians may not have known Marx from Milton Friedman but they knew, and still know, money.

Those present at the time recall delegates shuttling between agents to scoop up the graft, while the agents sent out for more. The rubles beat the dollars that day in what was a short-lived victory. "Pro-Communist" Premier Patrice Lumumba was ousted in a few months and killed, and since then as many Soviet ambassadors have been expelled as Americans (two each).

The USSR, in fact, has been burned more often in Africa than has the United States. When the French pulled out of Guinea in 1958, telephone system and all, the Russians thought President Sekou Touré ripe for cultivation. On the whole, Touré has been more friendly to the East than to the West since independence, but he has not hesitated to throw out the entire Soviet embassy on a couple of occasions.

But if we have struck out less often than the Russians in Africa, we have certainly hit no home runs. The reason is not that our policy has been more positive but that theirs has been more risky. Our only real African adventure was the heavy military support given the Congolese Government in its fight against the Simba rebels in the mid-1960s. This virtual training course for Vietnam was run by U.S. Government officials with previous and subsequent experience in Southeast Asia. Parts of this adventure certainly were justified on humanitarian grounds, witness the 1964 Stanleyville liberation, but on the whole it was described to the resident press of the time as an attempt to keep the Congo "out of Communist hands."

This goal was and remains typical of misapplying labels in Africa. There might have been a chance that the Simbas could have overrun the Congo had they ever learned from their Cuban instructors how to load their Czech rifles, but there was no chance that a Simba government would have become a Communist satellite—any more than Angola will become a Russian, Chinese or even an American satellite if one of the factions backed by these countries clearly wins.

The situation in Angola is similar to what happened in the Congo, in Nigeria and in just about every African country where violence has occurred since the wave of independence began: conflict between traditional ethnic groups seeking to dominate a mass of territory enclosed within borders arbitrarily set by foreigners decades ago.

Oliphant, The Washington Star

Black Man's Burden

These groups, or tribes, have been for thousands of years the basic African units of language, culture, government and loyalty. Most "modern African nations" are artificial conglomerations of tribes whose common language is foreign to them all and whose only real "national" institution is an army run by foreign-trained officers who were noncoms in colonial times.

The tribes fought one another long before any white man appeared and they continue to do so. The only difference is that today the prize is greater than prisoners for

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sale into slavery or a disputed hunting ground: it is domination of a large chunk of land recognized as a "country" by outside powers of wealth. That's what happened in Angola: three tribes are in conflict to win recognition in the world as the sovereign government.

In this contest, as in past ones, it suits tribal purposes to be labeled as "backed by" or "pro" an outside power. That can assure a flow of arms and perhaps a bit of gelt in the initial stages for the tribe that wins; but no foreign power has been able to parlay its backing into control of any African state. As long as tribal considerations remain more important to Africans than foreign ideologies, it is likely that none ever will.

If past patterns repeat, the Angolan winner, and the group that subsequently overthrows it, will bluff each major power into pouring in aid and support for the tiny elite which forms the ruling clique. The clique, and its successors, will grow rich, because little or none of this wealth will filter down to the people.

The United States could have helped the people of Angola, and the rest of Africa, by calling that bluff before independence. Secretary Kissinger could have made it clear to the future rulers that his "new" policy is to see that all the people of Africa enjoy the fruits of development and not to line the pockets of the powerful. And, further, that if those in power did not accept the mechanisms necessary to achieve this aim, they could go play footsie with the Communists.

After all, if any African country were "taken over" by Moscow, Peking or even us, they or we would be kept so busy that there might not be much time to make trouble anywhere else. □

'DON'T CALL US SPONSORS'

PUBLIC TV's CORPORATE ANGELS

LEONARD C. LEWIN

I wanted, I explained, to ask him some questions about Mobil Oil's increasingly conspicuous sponsorship of programs on public television. "We don't 'sponsor' these programs," he corrected. "We underwrite them." The respondent was Herbert Schmertz, Mobil's vice president for public affairs, believed by many in the advertising trade to be the most imaginative and effective corporate sponsor in public television.

The same locution had been used by all the public TV people I had spoken with; it confirmed a kind of agreement between donors and recipients to commit euphemism. "Sponsor" suggests conventional TV huckstering, whereas "underwriter" implies a certain distance from the offering—a second-degree equity, more like that of a broker than of a stockholder. The difference is one of style, since of course the purpose of corporate public TV underwriting is exactly the same as that of more explicit institutional advertising—to gain good will. It is understated, depending for its effectiveness on the repeated association of the name Mobil or Exxon or Atlantic Richfield with *Masterpiece Theatre* or *Theater in America* or the *Preservation Hall Jazz Band* or other well-received programs. (In an early phase of advertiser-dominated broadcasting such identification was the whole of the advertising message.)

This may seem to be making too much of a trivial bit of verbal fogging, but the distinction without a difference is important to the principals—those who take the money and those who give it. To the administrators of public television it is critical both that they neither appear to be selling commercial time nor feel themselves to be bought. To the corporate donors, publicity about heavy-handed interference in programming could vitiate the good will they are trying to buy. All parties, including go-betweens, to the transactions of corporate funding have a common interest in maintaining the appearance of disinterested public service and in keeping a light touch on the lines of corporate participation. Appropriate language has been created, not for definition or description but for effect: hence, underwriting.

As a practical matter, it is easy to sympathize with the desire of the public TV people to play down potential corporate interference. They always need, or think they need, money to get the kind of programs they want, and up to now the pressures from corporate sponsors have been minimal, at least compared to those from one or another agency of government. But pressure exists. In *The Village Voice* recently, Chris Welles cited exemplary cases of self-censorship inspired by fear of sponsor reaction, complete with directly quoted rationalizations from public TV producers and administrators. A few direct threats have been reported as well; the chilling influence is real.

It is also easy to sympathize with the corporations' desire to get value received for their dollars. One need not be entirely cynical about Schmertz's claim that he and Mobil are deeply interested in strengthening what they consider "worthwhile institutions," nor need one puncture their public-service pretensions as mercilessly as did Marvin Kitman in *Newsday* ("give anonymously," he urged), once, for the sake of rational discussion, the corporations acknowledge that they are indeed engaged in advertising. Then there may be less game playing about what they will support and what they won't, and why. What they are looking for, and presumably getting, in their sponsorship of the (noncontroversial) arts and well-made British soap operas is the good will of the elite market—the so-called opinion makers, the intellectually upward-mobile, the

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higher-income types. It is the same audience that magazines of relatively small circulation usually claim that they attract and that their higher-circulation competitors don't.

It's a good bet that the underwriters are getting a bargain. Les Brown comments in *The New York Times*: "For the single two-hour telecast of [*The Entertainer*] on NBC, Mobil will pay $1.2 million. But for about $800,000 more it will be represented in public television as the presenter of five series, totaling more than seventy different programs or episodes, each of which will have two exposures a week and all of which will then be shown again as reruns. . . .Although the single NBC telecast may reach more different viewers than all of Mobil's PBS shows combined, it will not offer the sustained good-will benefits of the public television offerings."

Certainly the corporations think it is a bargain; corporate funding is going up. For the fiscal year that ended on June 30, it came to somewhat more than $15 million. That is only a small part, 6 per cent, of the total public TV budget, but it's a very special part. By and large, it goes to the most visible and prestigious nationally distributed programs where, as Welles pointed out, it accounts for 25 per cent of the budget. And that sum does not include the heavy expenditures made by the sponsors to promote the programs, both in newspapers and on commercial TV channels, where they are free to display their distinctive logos and boast tastefully of their contributions to cultural uplift.

And why not? One of the big selling points of corporate underwriting, presented most persuasively by Schmertz, is that the sponsors are building an audience for public television, with popular programs and commercial promotion, in a way that public television's managers cannot possibly match. By helping to develop a strong public TV habit with this audience, Mobil and the rest are presumably making it easier for public TV to get along without them in the future. Well. . . . A stronger argument is that, at this stage of the game at least, commercial sponsorship contributes to a wholesome diversity of funding, thus reducing public TV's vulnerability to the far more chilling effects of potential constraints from government agencies and to cutbacks of support from foundations.

And any notion that there is a difference in kind, not just in degree, between possible foundation censorship and corporate disapproval of programming was dispelled a few months ago by the angry, self-righteous "revulsion" at the payment of money to Abbie Hoffman (for his appearance on an independently produced public TV program) expressed by the Ford Foundation's Fred W. Friendly. He warned that "the good name of the Ford Foundation" might have been compromised if it were determined that the payment came out of Ford's general program grant. Whatever the merits of the issue, the Ford reaction would seem to substantiate a point of agreement between observers as different as corporate underwriter Schmertz and the Network Project, a relatively radical public-advocacy group hostile both to centralized government control and to big-business influence in public broadcasting. Both agree that there is no basic difference between the influence of corporation money and of foundation money. The Network Project would also include the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the federal government's funding agency, as representing the same corporate values.

The kind of money public TV likes best, reasonably, is that with no strings attached, which is to say from voluntary subscriptions and contributions. Thus the endless round of fund-raising programs, interminable auctions and "telethons," and repetitive hard-sell appeals between programs. They differ from organized charity "specials" and conventional commercials only in the merchandise; presumably American viewers have been so conditioned to being hustled on the tube that the offensiveness of the selling is both expected and acceptable. Considering that freedom from commercial assault is the single greatest appeal of public TV, it is ironic that the doctor insists on blowing smoke in your face as he tells you why you should stop smoking. But it seems to be working—so far; Robert Kotlowitz, vice president for programming for New York's public TV Channel 13, reports a current "membership" of 250,000 at an average of $19 a head. Apparently the cost of raising this money is not yet so high that diminishing returns have set in, and as long as the fund-raising commercials show a net gain, they will continue to be perpetrated. Of course, the day may come when viewers grow so tired of contributing to programs that seem to be chiefly concerned with asking them to contribute to programs that the money will stop.

To be sure, these commercials—and the conventionally pretentious musical and visual program signatures—do not irritate all viewers and do not preclude using the money they bring in for good programming. But style dissolves into substance, so it is not surprising to find that some programmers look upon the modestly displayed underwriters' credits as the antithesis of advertising when contrasted to the strident house plugs, and that they, not unlike their network counterparts, think of programs in terms of salability. The commercial mode is pervasive.

A more insidious danger than the corporations' potential interference with the programs they underwrite is their influence in choosing, and on occasion originating, those they will support. Identification of advertiser with specific program is another carry-over from the exceptionally venal ethic of American commercial broadcasting that has evidently been accepted without serious resistance by the public stations. Since commercial sponsors are understandably skittish about public-affairs programs (they might be associated pro or con with abortion, prison reform, amnesty or legalizing heroin—never mind how the oil companies would feel about a well-dramatized examination of the possibility that they might be nationalized), their increasing support of the noncontroversial increasingly relegates "issue" programs to low-budget, local station enterprise—and to the foundations, the corporate collectives for good works. Schmertz suggested to me, without committing himself to the idea, that the public broadcasters might consider instituting a sort of tithing rule, whereby specific grants would have to be augmented by, say, 10 or 15 per cent to go into a general public-affairs kitty. Whether it be looked upon as conscience money, contribution to overhead, service charge, the equivalent of an agency fee, or simply as a tip for the help, it would be

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an improvement—but the specifically sponsored program would remain.

As matters stand in 1975, corporate sponsorship is going to be around for a while. How then best to use the commercial dollar, minimize its program influence, but keep it coming, all at the same time? It would be unreasonable to take away the sponsors' credits for contributions, not just because that would kill their inducement to make them, but because the audience has a right to know whose money is behind the screen. But it should be feasible, for instance, to show, at varying times of the day, detailed credits that let viewers know who is putting up how much to support the *general* programming of that "worthwhile institution," your local public station. An equitable formula could easily be worked out relating the amount of the underwriting to the style, time and frequency of credits; some of the corporations might thus come out with an even better PR buy than they have now. This procedure would simply dissociate their interests from specific programs and thus, to a degree, from their present influence over program decisions.

Something like that might work as a compromise with current realities, but it begs the basic question. The original expropriation of the airwaves for private exploitation was a crime; that the small territory left in the domain of "public" broadcasting should also be dependent on private-interest advertising investment is an outrageous irony. The alternative is complete public financing. It could take a number of forms, indicated roughly below, although it is beyond the scope of this piece to examine the social, political, practical and other criteria that might apply to them.

—Direct taxation. (From federal or regional tax revenues in general; from a licensing fee from set owners; from a tax on commercial TV advertising revenues or whatever.)

—User support. (In effect pay TV, controllable by cable, scrambler or other technology.)

—Voluntary financing. (The current "membership" system, rewarded with such perquisites as program guides and the like; a voluntary assignment of tax similar to the current federal campaign fund.)

—Combinations of the above. (We have one kind of mix now: federal funding through the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, user payments from educational institutions, and individual contributions—plus, however, the critical extra from the corporations and their foundations.)

The objective of all these approaches would be to develop public television services that are responsive to the needs and desires of TV's many audiences and that are as free as they can be of the special interests and values of the funders. It would be naive to imply that governmental bureaucracies would be less threatening to independent and imaginative programming than is the present diversity of supporters, but it would be short-sighted to expect the currently beneficent corporate underwriters to limit their influence over programming longer than seems to them expedient.

Any system of funding and control will, one way or another, have to serve as an arena for conflicting social, political, economic and cultural values. And although the present system seems relatively flexible, over the longer term public agencies can be forced, if necessary, to offer the *right* to adequate public access and recourse that exists now only on sufferance. And with all respect to the Ford Foundation's virtual creation of the original public television system, to the program contributions the corporate sponsors have made so far, to the generally tactful restraint to date of Schmertz and his opposite numbers at Exxon, Xerox, IBM and the rest, and to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting's current sensitivity to possible conflict of interest, the growing corporate influence will have to be diluted and finally dissipated if "public" television is not to become, or remain, primarily a fourth commercial network for the carriage trade. □

FROM THE NOVELS OF VARGAS LLOSA

THE LATIN AMERICAN DISEASE

PENNY LERNOUX

Lima

It is Lima, about 1957, and Santiago Zavala is at the municipal dog pound to reclaim Batuque, the family mongrel. Zavala is disgusted by the stench and the dirt, but what really appalls him is the brutal method used to exterminate the dogs by cudgeling them to death. "In Peru we still are in the stone age," explains the administrator of the pound.

Thus begins *Conversation in the Cathedral*, the latest and most brilliant novel of Peru's Mario Vargas Llosa, and one of the most scathing denunciations ever written on the corruption and immorality of Latin America's ruling classes. For anyone who has spent much time in Latin America, in the slums as well as the country clubs, *Conversation* is a book not easily read or forgotten. Although Vargas Llosa's unusual three-dimensional writing technique is difficult to grasp at first, it is precisely this you-are-there effect that makes the story so bloodcurdlingly real—that and the knowledge that the people and attitudes described still exist in many Latin American countries where human beings, as well as dogs, are beaten to death.

Conversation develops an intricate series of interlocking themes from a chance meeting at the dog pound between Zavala and a former family servant, Ambrosio, and their subsequent reminiscences in the Cathedral, a seedy brothel-canteen. Over a succession of beers, "Zavalita," the rich man's son, and Ambrosio, the brutish half-caste, reconstruct fifteen years of suffering and debasement under military regimes. They conclude that "everyone is

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MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

Novels Translated Into English

Conversation in the Cathedral Harper & Row (1975)
The Green House Harper & Row (1969)
Time of the Hero Grove Press (1966)

fucked up" by Peru and its social-political structures. A realist in his political observations as well as his writing, Vargas Llosa unfolds a story of racial discrimination, military repression, torture, murder, corruption, sexual perversion, narcotics, blackmail and betrayal in a desperately sick society that forcibly infects each new generation.

Most of the story takes place during the long dictatorship of Gen. Manuel Odria, a period known as the "Ochenio" for the eight years (1948-56) that it endured. The Odria government was typically repressive, the archetype of those familiar cartoons of fat Latin American generals with bulging eyes and ornate mustaches. But for Vargas the chief culprits of the Ochenio were not the generals but the social structures that encouraged the formation of these lethal buffoons.

One of the sickest people in *Conversation* is Zavala's adoring father, Don Fermin, who is shown to be a political opportunist, a moral hypocrite who physically debases Ambrosio and a corrupt businessman. In Vargas's eyes however, Fermin's greatest failing is his insistence that Santiago, his second and best-loved son, conform to the mold of Peru's moneyed classes. Fermin cannot understand why Santiago wants to go to a non-Ivy League university like Lima's San Marcos or why he dabbles in communism, leaves home to work as a poorly paid journalist, or marries beneath his class. But Santiago, too, is a failure. Already conditioned in childhood by a feudal social code, Santiago can only reject and criticize. Like so many young Latin American "café revolutionaries," the son can offer nothing to replace the father's values, but in Santiago's case he knows it.

Ambrosio, another failure, is enticed to work for Don Fermin through the "good offices" of Cayo ("Shit") Bermudez, first Odria's secretary of the interior ministry and later minister himself. Bermudez is at once the most sinister and most genuine character in the book because he knows that in Peruvian society everyone has a price.

He oversees a brutally repressive police network that weeds out political dissenters, breaks up union strikes, muzzles the press, infiltrates and closes the universities and checkmates any budding conspiracy in the high command. Excessively ambitious politicians are either sent into golden exile as Peruvian ambassadors or their cooperation is bought through lucrative government contracts. When the repression becomes so blatant that even the U.S. Embassy must protest, Bermudez stages rigged elections to give the Odria regime a face-lift. Meanwhile, he salts away his take of bribes from foreign and local companies and the rake-off from Lima's prostitution. His foreign bank accounts will serve him in good stead when a turn in political fortunes forces him into exile. Just as Bermudez foresees that eventual exile, he also knows that within a few years still another government will come to power and he will be able to return to Lima to live the life of a millionaire in "decent business." And there he is at the end of the book.

Vargas Llosa writes of "rebellion, melodrama, violence and sex" because those are the stuff of life in Latin America. Frequently accused of lacking a sense of humor, he replies that "reality contradicts humor." Certainly, there is nothing amusing about the military regimes that now rule three-fifths of the continent's population in circumstances very similar to those described in *Conversation*.

Though less publicized than Chile or Brazil, Uruguay is a typical example of a Fermin-Cayo marriage of convenience between powerful business interests and a military regime. Juan Maria Bordaberry, Uruguay's puppet President, protests the excesses of his generals only when they endanger the privileges of his own class, the large cattle ranchers. All the other institutions that once made Uruguay the "Switzerland of the Americas" have been dismantled by the military government, including political parties, labor unions and freedom of the press. Until 1973 military repression was aimed primarily at the armed opposition of the urban guerrilla Tupamaro movement. But now, reports Amnesty International, an apolitical organization concerned with human rights, repression is such that "any criticism or opposition to the armed forces is labeled as subversion and carries with it arbitrary arrest without legal safeguards and with maltreatment, torture and heavy prison sentences."

Under an article of law titled "Attack on the Morale of the Armed Forces," a Uruguayan can be sentenced to up to six years in prison for the slightest suggestion of dissent, including singing one line of the Uruguayan national anthem that starts "Tremble tyrants" with excessive enthusiasm or possessing literature from such "Marxist" organizations as the United Nations and the World Council of Churches.

According to Amnesty International, there have been 2,000 arrests since last May. Amnesty also calculates that of the 6,000 people who have been in and out of Uruguayan jails since the military seized power in mid-1973, at least half have been tortured.

Even the dead have no rest in Uruguay. When relatives and friends of Nybia Zabalzagaray put up a stone on her grave in the Colonia Suiza Cemetery, the police arrested her brother and two uncles and tore down the stone. A young student, Miss Zabalzagaray was arrested on June 29, 1974; within hours her naked body was returned to the family. Since September 1974, when the cemetery incident took place, only the brother has been released from prison.

Reading the documented case histories of people who have been tortured and killed in Uruguay (and half a dozen other countries) is like reading *Conversation*: the things described are so awful that you think they cannot be true. But they are. Trinidad, the factory worker in *Conversation* who is so badly beaten by the police that he dies, might be Pedro Cribari, a Uruguayan worker arrested by the police last May. Cribari threw himself off the top floor of Montevideo's Sixth Department of the National Directorate of Information and Intelligence after a series of torture sessions in which a fellow prisoner died of an overdose of the "submarine," or semi-asphyxiation by water.

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Like Peru's current military regime, Uruguay's generals seized power on the pretext that the corrupt, bumbling civilian administration could not deal with the armed insurrection of the Tupamaro guerrillas or the deep social malaise that they revealed. Arrested Tupamaros had passed on their reformist zeal to their jailers, it was reported, and the generals would lead the country down new and better paths. It did not turn out that way, of course, because, as Vargas points out, even the most idealistic student or worker or three-star general is "fucked up" by the existing social structures. In a society as corrupt as was Uruguay in the 1960s where everyone from the President of the nation to the Communist labor leaders and the army commanders was on the take, where the sexual scandals in *Conversation* were common gossip in the Presidential palace, how could today's government be otherwise? Whatever the Tupamaros told their jailers, the generals themselves were and are prisoners of that society.

Unlike Uruguay, which had a sizable middle class and therefore a more democratic distribution of the graft, corruption in Peru was concentrated primarily among the upper classes in a semi-feudal society. Uruguay's white army is as homogeneous as Uruguayan society itself, but in Peru, where an army career was never socially acceptable, many of the commanders have Indian blood and can remember a childhood of poverty and racial discrimination. So when the *mestizo* generals went into the Andean highlands to put down a guerrilla uprising in 1962, they absorbed a lesson of poverty and social injustice that stuck. The buffoons began to think for themselves, and by 1968, when the revolution was launched, Peru's military no longer was prepared to serve as the aristocracy's henchmen.

Good intentions notwithstanding, corruption is still a feature of Peruvian life, although not on the scale of the Ochenio. And even after seven years of revolution millions of Peruvians have yet to see any improvement in their standard of living. Still, there is an enormous difference between Peru and Uruguay because in Peru at least some reforms have been undertaken, particularly in the countryside, and no one doubts the generals' desire to restructure society to incorporate the illiterate, impoverished Indian masses into the Peruvian mainstream. There have been none of the mass arrests, torture and murder so typical of other military regimes. But perhaps most important, the country's generals are able to admit and rectify their mistakes. That in itself sets Peru apart from other Latin American dictatorships.

Although Vargas Llosa has in the past frequently been a critic of the Peruvian military, he was among the first to recognize its admirable flexibility when President Juan Velasco Alvarado was overthrown last August. The standard bearer of the 1968 revolution, Velasco has been in poor health since 1973 when one of his legs was amputated due to a circulatory disease. Never an easygoing general, Velasco became increasingly autocratic as his health deteriorated.

Ignoring civilian and military counsel, Velasco forced the pace of the revolution's reforms in order to complete the masterpiece before his death. But already overstrained by the regime's ambitious projects, neither the economy nor the poorly trained bureaucracy could keep up with this race. In such an overheated atmosphere, criticism was tantamount to treason to the revolution and the list of exiled Peruvians of all political persuasions increased at an alarming rate. Such was the concern in the regime's waning months that some military sources claimed Velasco "wasn't quite right in the head." The Peruvians' chagrin was the greater because up to a year ago, when Velasco's demon took hold, the country had achieved such an admirable record in agrarian reform, literacy programs and workers' cooperatives that Peru was able to assume a position of leadership in the Third World, the only Latin American country to attempt a genuine revolution without bloodshed.

Thus there was a collective sigh of relief when Velasco's heir apparent, Gen. Francisco Morales Bermudez, staged a bloodless palace coup in order to restore the right of dissent and to "consolidate" the revolution. Within hours of taking power, President Morales decreed that all political exiles could return to Peru and that any newspaper or magazine closed by the Velasco regime could resume publication. In Santo Domingo to film one of his novels, Vargas Llosa was among the many writers and intellectuals to send the new government a congratulatory cable.

A skillful, honest administrator who made his reputation at the finance ministry, Morales wants to widen the circle of power to include more civilians. To prove his point, he named an economist as finance minister, the first civilian to achieve cabinet rank since 1968. Less authoritarian and more pragmatic than Velasco, Morales hopes to get the revolution back on a sound administrative footing, but when he speaks of consolidation he does not mean a return to Peru's feudal ways but a more technical, critical approach to the dozens of reforms begun under the Velasco regime.

In the press's case, the government is expected to loosen the muzzle on the eight newspapers expropriated by Velasco last year but not to return them to their original owners. A staunch defender of freedom of the press, Morales fought the expropriation at the risk of his military career, but as he recently pointed out, there can now be no turning back. At the very least, however, the government can encourage the dull, adulating left-wing press to try to think for itself and to make some constructive contributions to the revolution.

Vargas Llosa, who was one of the victims of these boot lickers found it as difficult to accept tyranny by the Left as tyranny by the Right although he is a professed socialist. Back in Lima in February after sixteen years abroad, the novelist was greeted by such a vitriolic barrage from the government-controlled press that thirty leading intellectuals and writers felt it necessary to break a self-imposed silence to come to his defense. Not that Vargas is any friend of the newspapers' previous owners since they belonged to the very class skewered in *Conversation* and earlier novels. But Vargas is first and foremost a conscientious writer and as such demands the freedom essential to any creative mind.

Much of the fury of the attack on Vargas stemmed from two earlier novels indicting the Stonehenge mentality of many Latin American generals. When *La Ciudad y los Perros* (The English title is *Time of the Hero*) first ap-

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peared in Lima in 1962, for example, more than 1,000 copies were publicly burned at the military school described in the book.

It was just such a military mentality that early wrecked Peru's novel experiment in worker-owned newspapers. Far from "democratizing" the eight expropriated newspapers, as was the publicly announced plan, the Velasco government pursued a hire-and-fire McCarthyist policy that reduced them to boringly righteous mouthpieces for the regime. "Those of us who were not opportunistic enough to jump on the bandwagon of power were treated like lepers in the city rooms," explained *El Comercio*'s columnist Manuel Jesus Orbegozo. "Only the privileged few were allowed to hold an opinion or expose it, usually on subjects that the people could not possibly understand, or want to."

Like other Peruvian writers, Vargas was treated as a pariah because he would not conform or compromise. But then Vargas has always been something of an idealistic loner. Even in the case of the Cuban Revolution, which he generally admires, Vargas cannot quite swallow an all-knowing socialism that prohibits dissent. Naturally this sort of "bourgeois" plain speaking has set him beyond the revolutionary pale in the opinion of a number of Latin American leftists, usually those who cannot see farther than their noses.

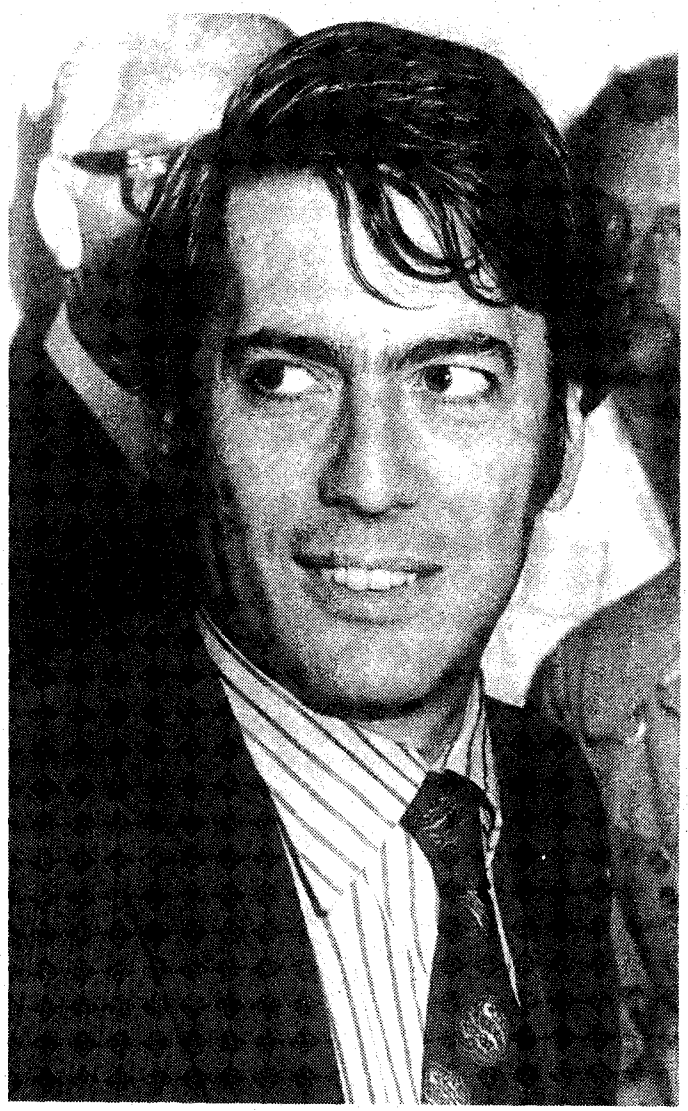
By refusing to compromise his art, however, Vargas has gone beyond the bonds of the average Latin American political writer to infuse his novels with a human insight that immediately gives them appeal, no matter what the reader's nationality. Unlike the narrow-minded revolutionaries who ran Velasco's newspapers or the equally rigid reactionaries who used to own them, Vargas knows that there are no blacks or whites in Latin America and that people, like causes, comprise varying degrees of good and bad. Even Don Fermin and Cayo Bermudez have some redeeming traits; so, too, does the Communist youth leader in *Conversation* who endangers dozens of lives by muffing an important assignment because, of all things, he is in love.

Although Vargas claims a large debt to European writers, particularly Flaubert, it is the essential Latin American flavor of his novels that has won him such a wide international following. Like Latin American sociologists, theologists and ecologists, Vargas forms part of a continental awakening that rejects outdated, imported models for new, wholly indigenous experiments. With Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Julio Cortazar, Carlos Fuentes, José Donoso and half a dozen others, Vargas has left behind the stuffy romanticism of two centuries to tell it like it is in a totally different style rich in invention and vocabulary quite unlike anything being produced in Europe or the United States.

"The American people will do anything for Latin America except read about it," James Reston of *The New York Times* once observed. And so it would seem. Yet insidiously, brilliantly, the Latin Americans are beginning to call attention to their continent, not only by the occasional newspaper article on the last coup in Ecuador or the next one in Argentina but by the fiction of these innovative novelists. They write terrific yarns. They are entertaining. That they are describing the terrible reality of Latin America in a series of scathing social documents is in no way less important, but it will take time and many more novels to bring about the osmosis necessary to convince the U.S. reader that what goes on next door is more vital to him than some distant Asian or even European shore.

Bit by bit, the message sticks. Colombia's Garcia Marquez immortalized United Fruit as the barbaric butcher of banana workers in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*; Vargas has similarly stigmatized Latin American generals as mindless gorillas. But much depends on where the line between politics and literature is drawn. The Americans may not want to read anything about Latin American politics, but book sales prove they buy a well-written story that just happens to deal with the social and political conditions in Latin America.

The political viewpoint is decidedly left wing, of course, since most of the new Latin American writers have been formed by leftist ideologies. Then, too, they usually draw their material from reality—which in their case is enough to radicalize anyone. The danger is in overstepping the line in favor of political editorializing, as Garcia Marquez has done in his latest novel, *El Otono del Patriarca* (*Autumn of the Patriarch*), a suffocating 271-page harangue against Latin American dictatorships and foreign capitalism, Joycean in its gargantuan paragraphs and with none of



Mario Vargas Llosa

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the charm or imaginative plot of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Garcia Marquez, who has announced he will not write another book until the Pinochet regime in Chile is overthrown, is deeply immersed in Latin American politics, particularly Colombian, and for that reason he has returned to the black and white of political pamphleteering.

Vargas, on the other hand, continues to expand his powers as social observer because he is primarily a novelist. As social documents, his books follow an upward curve from a charming but halting description of growing up rich in Lima to the explosion of *Conversation*. There is nothing dull in any of these social commentaries. Not even an Agatha Christie or Georges Simenon would have come up with a better surprise than the shock ending of *Conversation*. *The Green House*, an earlier literary tour de force on a par with *Conversation*, is not only superbly written but rates with the best adventure stories of Jack London.

Vargas's characters are drawn from real life—poor abused creatures whose only saving grace is their desire to survive. (If there is a hero in any of Vargas's books, it is the victim.) *The Green House*, which brings together experiences from Vargas's youth in the arid coastal city of Piura and a trip he later made through the lush, merciless Peruvian Amazon, repeats the circle of brutality and exploitation that is the theme of all his writings, as it is for other Latin Americans concerned with human rights—for example, Brazil's Archbishop Hélder Camara.

In describing the jungle trip that inspired *The Green House*, Vargas tells how the white men who mistreat the Amazon tribes live not much better than their Indian slaves, and any traveler who has spent an uncomfortable week with the "rubber barons" of the Peruvian or Colombian Amazon will agree. Impoverished migrants from more heavily populated areas, these "poor whites" re-enact the abuses they themselves have been subjected to by brutalizing the defenseless Indians. When the law of the jungle prevails in a capital city like Bogota, with the homicide rate five times that of Boston, a comparably populous city, it is not surprising to hear white men in the far-off jungles rationalize their massacre of Indian families by stating "we didn't know it was a crime to kill Indians."

Vargas's observations are not exclusively pertinent to the Amazon jungles, since the mistreatment and murder of Indians is still commonplace in many parts of Latin America, even in such "white" countries as Argentina which prides itself on having earlier wiped out its Indian population, just as the United States did. Somehow a few hundred thousand still survive in the northern Chaco, although their lands have been stolen by the white men. They are used as semi-slave labor on the large ranches and plantations and they have no recourse to Argentine "justice." The word for Indian in the Chaco is "pig," and any foreigner who gives an Indian a lift in his car, even if it is a matter of life or death, automatically is viewed by the white settlers as some kind of screwball who likes "smelly Indians." But the funny thing is that before the white man came with his refined ways, the Chaco Indians bathed twice a day and were a good deal cleaner than many of the Chaco settlers today.

As elsewhere in Latin America, the Chaco is peppered with Protestant and Catholic missionaries, bitterly vying for the souls and bodies of the "poor savages." As Vargas tells in *The Green House*, the only trouble with this lifetime of missionary sacrifice, and to be sure there is considerable sacrifice involved, is that it actually worsens the Indians' prospects by turning them into semi-civilized rejects, good only for plantation labor. The dignity they had in their own culture and beliefs is taken from them in the name of Christ, and the missionaries never understand just how much has been sacrificed.

The dear, kind nuns in *The Green House*, for example, have no idea that when they kidnap Indian girls to Christianize them at the Amazon mission they are really nurturing future whores, such as Bonifacia, nicknamed "the Jungle Woman" at the green whorehouse in Piura where she eventually lands. Conditioned by their own narrow education and a society which insists that the Indian is a pagan savage, the sisters have no conception of the harm they are causing.

In that respect they are like the parents who put their sons through five brutalizing years at Lima's military schools where the puberty rites are more savage than any Indian ceremony. While initiation rites in U.S. fraternities often are no less mindless, Vargas believes that they reveal a deep malaise in Latin American society because they stem, not from youthful pranks but from the ingrained worship of *machismo*. Far from creating chivalrous he-men, the military school in *Time of the Hero* sanctions the law of the jungle that lies just beneath the surface of many Latin American societies. In order to survive this jungle the young cadets are forced to become snarling, unscrupulous Tarzans whose only code is survival of the fittest. The literal translation of the Spanish title of the book, *The City and the Dogs* (*La Ciudad y los Perros*), is an apt description of an institution that spawns a pack of wild dogs, but it can be applied more broadly to many Latin American societies that still regard *machismo* as the ultimate virtue.

As Vargas points out, there is a great deal more to *machismo* than sexual conquest or showing off on a crowded freeway. The courageous Spanish thugs who conquered the New World bequeathed a far darker inheritance to the Latin Americans in their cruelty and their insistence on a rigid social code that allowed no compromise. Honor, yes, but absolutely no compassion, with the result that the upper classes in many Latin American countries are an insensitively ludicrous copy of England's Victorian society. Unmarried women, always virgin, are brought out, not at debutante balls but at beauty contests. Instead of a fling at the gaming tables or the Ascot races, Latin America's young bucks trifle with whatever form of Marxism that is fashionable, dabbling in peasant road- and school-building projects, but always careful not to get

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their hands dirty, until they return to their fathers' lucrative businesses. It might be amusing, but as Vargas knows, there is nothing funny about the end of this narrow violent road that inexorably leads back to the essence of *machismo*—the conquering hero, the military dictatorship.

Nor is there anything funny about the price paid in underdevelopment. Since spawning children is still the most visible sign of *machismo*, particularly among the less educated who make up the majority of the population, the more children a man sires, the greater his virility in the eyes of his fellow men. Consequently, Latin America has the highest birth rate in the world at a time when there are not enough public services or jobs to go around. Even if the birth rate were zero, it would take Latin American governments fifteen years to catch up with the needs of the existing population.

A sizable percentage of the women know about birth control methods, but many are afraid to use them because of the combined pressure of husbands and the Roman Catholic Church. These women are not in the least interested in the pros and cons of the Marxist argument that birth control is another First World plot to dominate the impoverished Third World. Nine out of ten will simply explain that they do not want another child because they cannot feed or educate the five they already have. But rather than use contraceptives, they will abort that sixth child, since abortion is considered a "once-only sin," according to a recent Catholic Church survey, and more acceptable to the men than the pill, which is held to be a certain source of infidelity. Such is the screwed-up logic of *machismo*.

Vargas Llosa believes that violence and *machismo* are bred into the Latin American male from infancy, whatever his social class. In *Los Cachorros* (*The Pups*), he describes the terrible fate of a rich boy who becomes a tribal outcast because he is emasculated by a Great Dane. In the short story, "El Desafio," or "The Challenge," two young men from rival gangs duel to the death with switchblades while the father of the challenger urges his son on. The youth dies, but the *machismo* code has been satisfied.

For Vargas, *machismo* is only one manifestation of a sick society clinging to feudal structures, and like many of the new Latin American writers he sees no hope for improvement until those structures are changed. Otherwise, the circle of violence and repression will continue as it always has.

Since the pendulum has swung from Center-Left to Right in Latin America with the resurgence of military dictatorships, there presumably is little hope of any break in the circle. Nevertheless, there is a marked difference between the situation today and in the 1950s when the last crop of dictators took power. True, there is just as much repression (and it is considerably more scientific), but at the same time there is much more awareness among the mass of the people who are beginning to identify the source of their hunger, illiteracy and oppression. Thanks largely to the transistor radio, even the most isolated goat herder in the Andean highlands has some idea of what is going on in the world and a measure by which to judge his poverty, with the result that the meek, unquestioning peasant of the 1950s is now not nearly so abject or resigned.

Very few Latin American historians or sociologists would suggest, however, that revolution is around the corner. Rather, there is hope that today's repression is the last swing in the pendulum before Latin America starts to gain its own sort of political maturity, to match what it has achieved in literature and art. Vargas Llosa has written about Peru in the 1950s, although today's Peru bears little resemblance to that feudal order. Yet it was that repressive period that formed both Vargas and the progressive generals who govern Peru. Time's progress does not wait for any Latin American dictator, not even a Pinochet or a Bordaberry, whatever they may believe. They may hold back the pendulum for a relatively few more years, but the tilt at the base already is set in the same direction as in Peru. □

SMALL TOWN, BIG COAL

LIFE BECOMES A TRADE-OFF

ALEXIS PARKS

Boulder, Colo.

Washington politics demands an interlocking system of resistance and compromise, but the fictionalized power of frontier politics relies on black and white issues: heroes and villains, a touch of melodrama and, above all, a happy ending. When the owner of Consolidated Coal Co. arrived in the small Western town of Paonia, Colo., demanding—to hell with everyone here. . . . I want the coal!—he was immediately cast as a villain. The town huddled together against him.

He had come west from Washington, where he had lobbied for the coal and where he nearly got it until letters questioning the credibility of his claims began arriving from the town. Ignoring this initial political defeat, he went in on his own. All his gestures were blunt and offensive; all led nowhere. Then he pulled back to study the pattern of resistance and came up with a solution.

Paonia, in western Colorado, is a farming community. It is an orchard with electric lights. Radiating out from it roads curl like tentacles around the Uncompahgre Wilderness to the south, the Grand Mesa to the north and west, the Elk Mountain Wilderness to the east. It is a mountain climber's cradle; it is a cradle also for coal: some 3 billion tons, according to estimates made by the Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management, which controls the public land in the valley.

Alexis Parks is a photo-journalist residing in Boulder, Colo.

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Consolidated Coal Co. wasn't after it all, however, only the $50 million worth of coal estimated to lie under a 2,000-acre tract of public land adjacent to its own mining operations. Initially, Consolidated had reason to feel optimistic about obtaining a lease to the public land. Although then Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton had placed a moratorium on all new leases for coal lands managed by the Bureau of Land Management, while a plan for its orderly removal was being developed, a loophole was available. If a mine owner could show that he would have to close down operations unless he was given access to adjacent public coal, then the moratorium could be lifted and a lease issued.

In the fall of 1974, Consolidated hired a sophisticated lobbying team to approach politicians in Washington. A 68-page, color-illustrated booklet, distributed among forty influential Senators and Representatives, emphasized that within three to four months, at present rates of production, Consolidated's Converse Mine would run out of coal. The lobbyists reported that their contacts were "100 per cent responsive." No wonder, since coal was then, and still is, the backbone of President Ford's Project Independence. The messages sent to the BLM were clear. Birch Bayh (D., Ind.), active on the Senate's Committee on Appropriations; Thad Cochran (R., Miss.), member of the House Public Works Subcommittee on Energy; Patricia Schroeder (D., Colo.), and others wrote to request that the matter be settled immediately. Former Sen. Peter Dominick, from Colorado, summed up the political sentiment when he wrote: "I trust that you will handle this application expeditiously and favorably, as I am convinced that this will fill a great need for emergency fuel."

It wasn't until later that people in Washington learned that Consolidated Coal Co. had purchased an abandoned mine: U.S. Geological Survey records showed the Converse Mine had not been in operation since 1936. In addition, the company had been illegally constructing a haul-road across BLM land, in defiance of a cease and desist order.

Consolidated Coal Co. wasn't the only company interested in the Paonia coal. ARCO (Atlantic Richfield) was there, as well as Coors, U.S. Steel and others, but the approach of these larger companies was radically different. They already held large tracts of public land under lease; they could afford some benevolence.

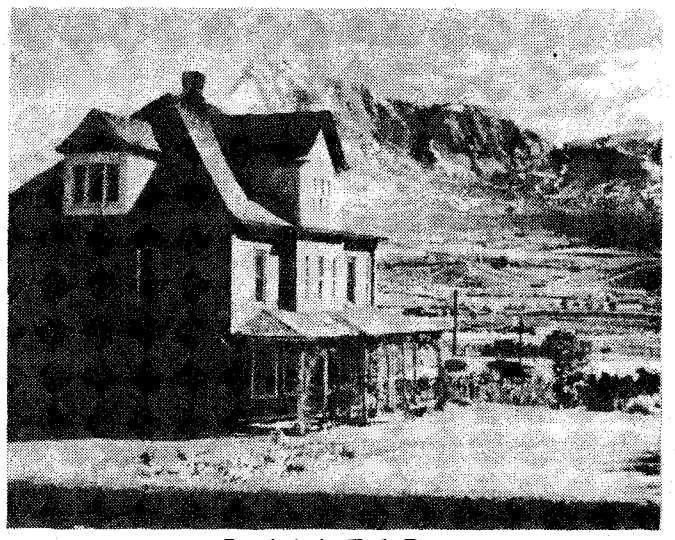
In March 1975, Coors and ARCO, together with the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad, released a research document, *Local Citizens' Participation in Coal Development*. It was based on months of research that had entailed interviews with the town residents, studies of their education, health, housing and recreation needs. It traced their concern about the economic and social effects of future coal developments. It expressed their pride in their past. The editor of the volume, hired from the Denver Foundation for Urban and Neighborhood Development (FUND), and her research team, lived temporarily in the town, gauging the mood, responding with concern . . . and a tape recorder. When the volume was released, everyone scanned the review for comments and pictures of themselves; for the flavor of a frontier philosophy. For example:

> I think the only thing you can look at is what has happened other places. When you get more and more people, they become more and more distant from each other. They might be living closer together, but their lives are farther and farther away.

This slower approach worked. Donald Chapman, the town's Mayor, was especially pleased. As he said to me:

> Yesterday, I spent the morning sitting on the hill with the public relations fellow from ARCO. We looked down on the valley, he and I; we both agreed we have to protect all this. He's an intelligent, sensitive fellow, who tells me he's just a "low-down" guy: "All the decisions are made in L.A.," he says, "but we'll listen to you on socioeconomic matters." The thing is, most people here want the coal. We're hoping that people who come in will be honest with us.

Despite this simple faith, the small town began to change. Already the life of one of the town's "interfering" woman leaders had been threatened: she would be run off the road, a telephone caller had suggested; and the "hippie" owners of a local hotel were warned of arson.



Paonia in its Early Days

Responding to the polarizing situation, students from the local high school media class took on a study of the impact of coal. Their project was titled, Energy Crisis: Aftermath. Following the style of the FUND study, they dug into the town's past connections with coal, interviewed old-time, long-time residents, wrote school articles and newspaper reviews. One of their efforts led to the discovery of the misleading claims by the Consolidated Coal Co. on its Converse Mine. A mailgram was sent to the regional BLM office, arriving in the midst of the political blitz. Its message was direct: "Local BLM personnel need immediate support to keep road use cease and desist order in effect until Consolidated makes a sincere effort to cooperate in local environmental and community planning efforts." Aware of local economics, the students didn't mean to stop Consolidated's operations completely, they merely wanted the owner to be held up until he "does things our way."

The lease application was halted. Consolidated's owner fumed. Then, in a sudden shift of tactics and in an attempt to mollify local and BLM officials with a show of honesty,

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Consolidated's president Jack LaFollette wrote an attachment to his lease application:

> On page 1, third paragraph: please delete the sentence which reads, "At the current rate of production, the company will reach BLM land in approximately 3½ months."
>
> On page 2, delete the second paragraph which reads, "on a local level, the Converse Mine is assisting Delta County by helping to supply their immediate coal needs. This assistance cannot continue beyond February 1975, unless this request for a lease is granted."
>
> On page 13, delete the two sentences in paragraph three which state: "the present rate of production of 30 tons per day will increase steadily to a rate of 2,200 tons per day in two months, 2,800 tons in three months, 3,400 tons per day thereafter. At this rate of extraction, penetration northward will approach the BLM land boundary in approximately 3½ months."

On May 13, Consolidated received approval of a right-of-way permit to haul coal over BLM land from its Converse Mine. Some time between this approval and the release of the FUND study, LaFollette had arranged to have two of the high school's media students, whose essays on the impact of coal had appeared in the appendix of the study, join him at dinner.

Mary Jane Poulas and Douglas Godding were two graduating seniors who would go on to college. At their dinner meeting, LaFollette suggested that their media class might enjoy a trip to his Denver company, the Columbine Glass Co., a subsidiary of the coal company and one that manufactured glass bottles for Coors. In fact, if they would let him know how many students and teachers wanted to have a private tour of the Denver facility, he would handle the air fare and all other costs. The students went back to school in high excitement. Only the principal expressed some doubt: "We don't want these kids involved in a political football game."

On June 7, twelve students and three teachers from Paonia boarded a Frontier flight for Denver. Most had never flown before; few had traveled far away from their rural valley. When they arrived in Denver, LaFollette and four automobiles were waiting. The students spent the afternoon touring the plant and watching company films. Then they were driven to the Stouffer Restaurant near the airport terminal. LaFollette sat across from Douglas during the meal. "You know, college is expensive," LaFollette reminded the young man. "If you want a job, just let me know." Douglas was overwhelmed. Sure he could pay for his education with help from his folks, but his dad *was* 57 . . . and as he later explained, "people you meet, influence you a lot. You can learn a lot from them, more than from books."

When the class returned to Paonia, a short news release describing the glass factory was sent to the local press. The factory's connection with Consolidated was not mentioned, but the town residents already knew of it. In October, Douglas took a part-time job as stock boy at the glass company and, for Consolidated's LaFollette, it looked like the beginning of a happy ending.

In the early 1900s, a post card was printed that listed "What Delta County, Colorado Has: No jail. No saloons. A first-class creamery. Fine schools and churches. Ten thousand acres of land in orchards. The finest vegetables ever seen. . . . Coal veins: anthracite and bituminous, 6 to 30 feet thick."

In a subtle, elusive way, the issue of coal was no longer seen as black and white. Life had become a trade-off and, in a political sense, the future of Paonia was already compromised. □

PENALIZING THE PATIENT

MEDICAID IN GEORGIA

PETER ROSS RANGE

Atlanta, Ga.

In a doctor's small office in rural northwest Georgia there hangs a sign: "Effective Sept. 1, we will accept no Medicaid card as payment of services. All medical services rendered on a cash basis as seen."

In Jonesboro, just south of Atlanta, Mrs. William Hampton reported: "I have hypertension and my pills ran out. My blood pressure shot up overnight. I got on the phone and called every doctor in this area. They all said they didn't take Medicaid patients any more. No one does! I was desperate. I called my old doctor again and asked the nurse, 'Is he going to see me or not?' She said, 'Not unless you pay, Mrs. Hampton.' We finally drove 12 miles to a clinic."

Incidents of this sort are occurring throughout Georgia, as state officials ram through one of the nation's sharpest cutbacks in Medicaid services. "Of the eleven states known to be making cutbacks," says Lon Mullen of the National Health Law Program, "Georgia's are among the most severe." Why Georgia? Swollen welfare rolls and climbing medical costs have driven the annual cost of the state's Medicaid program, which serves about 500,000 people, from an initial $28.7 million in 1967 to a projected $353.4 million for the current fiscal year. Yet the legislature, paring budgets in the face of a recession-induced shortfall in general revenues, has appropriated only $292.4 million—almost two-thirds of it federal money from matching grants.

To cope with the $61-million difference, the state Medicaid program has adopted Draconian measures that

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are working direct financial hardship on recipients of services and alienating enough physicians to create logistical nightmares for welfare families looking for a doctor in a hurry. The Medicaid board has approved a series of changes in regulations that, beginning December 1, will require that patients pay the following: half the cost of the first day of hospitalization, $2 for each visit to a doctor or emergency room and 50 cents on every prescription filled. At best, the prescription "co-payment" would save 1 per cent in the total Medicaid budget, so it is obviously designed to be what planners euphemistically call a "disincentive." According to optimistic projections, the charge for visits to doctors will save $7 million.

The cutbacks aimed at physicians may, in the end, hurt Medicaid recipients even more. In an attempt to deter fraud, state officials have issued a tough "provider agreement," which doctors must sign before their billings will be accepted for Medicaid patients. This new provision is putting thousands of patients like Mrs. Hampton quite literally on the streets, searching for doctors who will accept them and Medicaid.

To date, almost half the doctors participating in the program have refused to sign. They object on principle to the notion of signing a contract with the government; doctors as a group are paranoid about official relationships with "Big Brother," especially in this heyday of malpractice suits. They object also to the inclusion of a "prudent-buyer" provision requiring, "all other things being equal," the least expensive course of treatment when several choices are medically applicable. And, not surprisingly, they chafe under an escape clause called "factoring," which allows the state to pay only a percentage of the bills submitted if Medicaid appears to be running in arrears before next July 1. The current factoring figure—which applies to druggists and other providers of institutionalized care, as well as to physicians—is 95 cents on the dollar. Mrs. Hampton's doctor told her: "If I sign those papers, I might as well go to work in a restaurant."

Finally, the state is revising the formula under which it reimburses nursing homes for the care of Medicaid patients. According to the home operators, this change will cost them between $50 and $150 per patient per month. The Georgia Nursing Home Association has threatened to pull out of the Medicaid program altogether if the cuts are made.

Both Georgia medical associations (yes, the 150 black doctors still have their own organization) are suing the state over the new requirements. "I'd rather treat my patients free than sign that damned stupid contract," says Dr. Emory Bohler, a bumptious south Georgia physician who used to be president of the Medical Association of Georgia. "We're better off without government medicine anyway," he continues, bitterly expressing the hale's contempt for the halt. "With this Medicaid thing, they come prop up in my office all day with the toothache and the eyeache and the backache. That drives away some of my good patients. Back when they paid out of their hip pockets, they didn't come in unless something was really wrong with them."

The net result of Medicaid scrimping is a radical decline in availability of services to many patients, particularly the rural poor. In mountainous Chattooga County, in the northwestern corner of the state, five physicians formerly participated in Medicaid; now only one is available to serve 2,301 eligible patients. For private care, many patients must now drive 27 miles to Rome, Ga. or 52 miles to Chattanooga, Tenn. More populous areas are suffering as well. In Whitfield County—whose county seat, Dalton, is America's leading carpet-manufacturing town—fewer than ten of the county's eighty-six doctors have signed the new Medicaid contract.

Even in Atlanta, sick patients are suddenly grasping for help. Says Mrs. Montine Fuller, 69, who lives in public housing on a welfare allowance of less than $200 per month: "My doctor quit seeing me. I'm right now mostly dead with anemia and sclerosis of the liver. My baby boy's in jail. They had to take me to the Southside clinic yesterday, then to Grady Hospital last night. They told me to come back next week."

The medical profession's objections may be spurious, but the new provider agreement was apparently the last blow needed to turn off many doctors who already considered Medicaid a paperwork nightmare. The trigger to these developments was the real and present emptiness of the state treasury; its political underpinning is a new wave of anti-welfarism sweeping a country in recession. Sadly, it comes from the mouth of even as gentle a man as Gov. George Busbee as a "crackdown on welfare cheaters and chiselers"—words that conjure up the vision of Lester Maddox's head-cracking ax handles and that do little for the public image or self-image of the state's economically disenfranchised poor. In fact, estimates of ineligibles on the Georgia welfare rolls run only about 8 per cent.

The state, however, has expanded its staff of welfare fraud lawyers from two to six, a step that would seem well taken if it concentrated more on provider fraud, less on recipient graft. One hospital in Georgia was known to bill Medicaid routinely $50 for a bottle of aspirin. A dentist regularly gave patients what Medicaid Director Sam Thurmond calls "a $4,000 Hollywood mouth job instead of an $800 normal mouth job." Another physician was able over a three-year period to bill Medicaid for 980 office visits by a man allegedly suffering "acute" symptoms of thirty-five different ailments—although it is medically impossible to have that many acute symptoms for very long without dying.

Yet the state's fraud division concentrates on recovering $10,000 from a woman who deeded 100 acres of land to a daughter, then entered a nursing home on Medicaid. Last year, the fraud catchers recovered $122,489 for the state. This year, with a staff of six professionals who will cost the taxpayers $151,537, they expect to return to the treasury about $250,000 of fraudulent payments—a net gain of only $99,000 for a year's work in a time when a single dentist could not be prosecuted for his $211,000 heist because, in the words of the Medicaid director, "We did not have a legally sound provider agreement." The fraud catchers swear they are gearing up to prosecute provider fraud as well, but for the moment their hearts seem to be with the Governor's more politically appealing lunge at the small-time cheaters. Says one of the fraud lawyers: "You can't make welfare too attractive." □

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TRIDENT: AMERICAN ROULETTE

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

Recently declassified defense information confirms that Trident will be a true first-strike weapon. Putting more powerful warheads precisely on target is the feat necessary to destroy an opponent's silo-sheltered intercontinental missiles and military command centers. The ability to demolish such strategic emplacements is essential for a nuclear attack against which there can be no effective retaliation. Coupled with massive efforts to track Soviet submarines, Trident is leading us toward that end. Although such a goal is strongly denied by Defense Department officials, the evidence speaks otherwise.

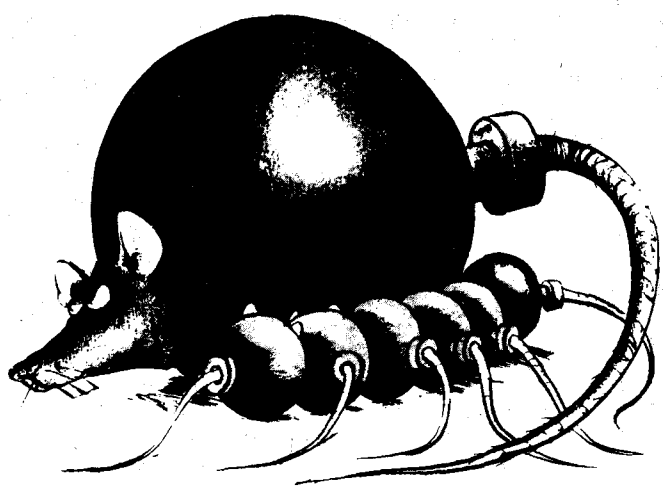
Poseidon, as originally deployed, was useful only to deter first-use of nuclear arms. Each of its fourteen individually targeted re-entry bodies has a circular error probability (CEP) of 1,800 feet. Stated more simply, half of those 50-kiloton bombs will explode within .3 nautical miles of where they are aimed. That pattern is too loose to destroy targets which are hardened against blast and radiation. On the other hand, Poseidon would be very effective in missions against cities and industrial parks, whose destruction requires neither pin-point marksmanship nor strong blast. The prospect of such severe retaliation, according to military standards, makes Poseidon a credible deterrent. It meets the need for weapons to fulfill a second-strike-only policy.

In that case, planned obsolescence becomes a live factor. A new set of guidelines is needed to perpetuate military prestige and insure continuance of the easy profits enjoyed by defense contractors. This has conjured up new possibilities of Soviet behavior that would justify a new round of strategic thinking. On January 10, 1974, then Defense Secretary Schlesinger finally revealed that more aggressive options had been formulated. This switch, which had been surreptitiously pursued since the late 1960s, relies heavily on a new fleet of faster, quieter, deeper-running submarines—each of them loaded with twenty-four nuclear missiles capable of knocking out an enemy's hardened silos and thus preclude counterattack.

The first-generation Trident missile, called the C-4, will allow a first strike against some targets. Being 34 feet long and 74 inches in diameter, the same size as Poseidon, it will be fitted into ten Poseidon boats in 1979 and will be carried as well on new Trident submarines. The Navy says the C-4 will have twice Poseidon's range of 2,300 nautical miles. That feat, they claim, will be accomplished despite difficulties with micro-miniaturization of electronics and serious problems with rocket motor explosions. (See my article, "The Trident Fiasco: Obstacles on the Way to Doomsday," *The Nation*, August 16.) It is important to note, however, that the first flight test missile will be 20 per cent overweight and will not meet maximum range specifications.

For a package price of more than $6 billion, Pentagon officials expect to build 576 C-4 missiles. That breaks down to 240 for the Trident ships and 160 in Poseidon subs, leaving 176 for testing and spares. Meanwhile, the total cost estimate for deploying first-generation Trident missiles in ten new submarines has jumped from the $12.4 billion quoted last fiscal year to $16.2 billion. And that does not include the cost of backfitting C-4 missiles into Poseidon submarines. Neither does it cover the development, testing and production of second-generation Trident D-5 missiles, which are planned for deployment in 1987.

How does a country develop a first-strike capability? If a certain size bomb exploding a given distance away will not demolish a target there are three things that can be done: the explosion can be moved closer, the explosion can be made bigger, or the two goals can be combined. The last choice fits C-4 missile refinements, which double the warhead explosive power while shaving 300 feet from the CEP over a longer range. Half of the eight 100-kiloton MIRVs spewed from the C-4 are predicted to explode within 1,500 feet of their targets. While spelling certain death for some semi-hard emplacements they are not lethal for the more enticing targets.



Horst Haitzinger (Germany)

Plague

The Trident D-5, however, changes that picture. Although it can be taken aboard only the larger Trident subs, this 6,000-plus nautical mile weapon will be able to neutralize any military facility. Stretching to a 42-foot length and swelling up to 82 inches diameter, this missile can carry fourteen 150-kiloton or seven 300-kiloton MIRVs. When the D-5 becomes operational the very accurate navigation provided by the NAVSTAR global positioning satellite system will achieve a CEP of 300 feet for ballistic re-entry vehicles. Trident will become a fully first-strike weapon.

But detonating the equivalent of fifteen Hiroshima bombs within rock-throwing distance of a silo does not exhaust Pentagon and defense industry ambitions. A maneuvering re-entry vehicle has been flight tested four times. I have pointed out in two previous articles

Robert Aldridge is a former aerospace engineer with sixteen years' experience on five generations of sea-based missile systems. He is now a critic of the arms race and his articles have appeared in many publications.

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("MaRVing the MIRVs," *The Nation*, April 13, 1974, and "MaRVs in Sheep's Clothing," *The Nation*, August 17, 1974) how Navy and Air Force programs complement each other in developing a maneuvering MIRV that will home-in on targets. Applying names like EVADER (a Navy term implying maneuvers to evade enemy interceptor missiles) and leading the public to believe the two projects are unrelated and merely semantic gymnastics to mask the ultimate goal. Tests of the Trident MaRV, which as yet is designed to be less accurate than existing MIRVs, are providing a wide range of critical flight data. Combining that with Air Force achievements—sensing the terrain over which the body is maneuvering and matching it against a previously acquired computer map of the target area—will provide a flight path with essentially zero error. With such a no-miss situation a much smaller warhead can be used and that means more of them can be carried on each missile. How does all this add up?

If the Navy has its way, each Trident submarine will eventually carry twenty-four Trident D-5 missiles with in-flight navigation updating and at least 6,000 nautical miles range. Each of these missiles will carry, say, seventeen maneuvering re-entry vehicles with terminal homing for dead-center precision. So equipped, each Trident submarine will have the potential to destroy 408 different cities and military installations with a blast several times that which ripped into Hiroshima. And ten of these submarines are planned, although the Navy won't say that is the final number.

These facts make it obvious that Trident will be an aggressive instrument. Combined with other pre-emptive first-strike seeking activity by the Pentagon, Trident has doomed present arms control talks and will chafe global tensions well into the future. We have been caught up in a game of nuclear blackjack in which the winner-take-all ante is millions of human lives. The quest for military status is that compelling. The profit imperative is that strong. □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 514*)

calling his own department a "bureaucratic nightmare," criticizing its inefficient handling of consumers' complaints, and protesting industry domination of the state's regulatory licensing boards. . . .

(*10*) Governor Brown signed many consumer protection bills, including legislation strengthening the Department of Consumer Affairs' power to act to protect consumers' interests, placing public members to represent consumers on the state's Food and Agriculture Advisory Board, protecting consumers' interests in credit information collection which go beyond the federal law, as well as other legislation attacking false and deceptive advertising.

Ms. Cross's article mentioned only a few of the actions taken by this administration since taking office ten months ago, and described one director as being against more public involvement in agriculture matters, and the other director as "undynamic" in consumer actions. I think the facts clearly refute these allegations. . . .

Rose Elizabeth Bird
Agency Secretary

San Francisco, Calif.

Rose Bird's loyalty to her staff is to be commended—but half the good things she mentions were included in my article; the most important of the others took place after it went to press.

Ms. Bird stresses that the DCA head, Takei, made a strongly critical statement about the ineffectiveness of his own department. I applaud his candor, but what is he doing to make really fundamental changes in the economic and political scene? More importantly, what is Governor Brown doing?

While Takei complains that his agency is dominated by the industry-run boards and bureaus, he fails to mention that he has the ultimate power over their budgets, and is currently reviewing them for the next fiscal year. What is he doing to insure they do a proper job of investigating consumer complaints and disciplining their own members?

Governor Brown has yet done nothing to see that California consumers get a substantially bigger share of economic and political power in their own state. He has done nothing to push for a majority of public members on the licensing or agricultural marketing boards; indeed, he is painfully slow even to appoint the *one* public member in some instances.

Brown's lack of commitment to fundamental reform was underscored by Ralph Nader, at the DCA's consumer conference in early October. Nader said: "It is very easy to be high in the polls now by throwing out cynical phrases, but it's a tough thing to stay high in the polls as you redistribute power and begin to initiate programs that address themselves to the problems all politicians recognize—unemployment, pollution, consumer justice and monopolistic power of the Exxons and ARCOs.

"We've been waiting-and-seeing for nine months. . . .He's become an increasing source of disappointment. . . . You see with Reagan you can excuse him for his abysmal ignorance, but you can't excuse Jerry Brown for that."

If I have failed "to capture the true tone and direction of this administration," at least I am in good company. *Jennifer Cross*

Ford does something right

Walnut Creek, Calif.

President Ford in his big personnel shake-up may have hurt himself politically for 1976 on one change, but he certainly helped the nation on another, far more important one.

Dropping Rockefeller from the 1976 Vice Presidential candidacy may make a lot of right-wing Republicans deliriously happy, but if they think his replacement by Reagan or someone as conservative will help the Republican ticket, they have rocks in their heads. Sure, more right-wing Republicans would vote for such a ticket, but there are not many such Republicans anyway. It would alienate the liberal Republicans and many independents who either would vote Democratic or not at all. Even arch-hawk Senator Jackson could beat that ticket. . . .

As for removing Secretary of Defense Schlesinger, nothing could be more beneficial to the nation. He is a dangerous hawk who increasingly kept rattling our nuclear arsenal, a policy that made it virtually impossible to halt the world rush to nuclear annihilation. He comes from a long line of such men. First and foremost was atom-bomb dropping Harry Truman on down to perhaps the greatest cold warrior of all, Eisenhower's John Foster Dulles whom Schlesinger seemed to ape the most. We don't know yet what Donald Rumsfeld will do as Defense Secretary but there could hardly be any change except for the better. The President should be congratulated on this change. *Meldon C. Belknap*

enthusiasm is not enough

Flushing, N.Y.

Certainly Herbert Matthews deserves every word of encomium that Alvah Bessie bestows on that distinguished and principled reporter, but we learn very little from his review [of *Revolution in Cuba*, *The Nation*, Nov. 8], about the remarkable book. . . . It contains up-to-date material on the economic prosperity, on the wonderful health program, on Church-state relations, on the meaning of Cuba's entrance into Comecon, on the revolutionary schooling in which educated people are devoting their talents as services for the state, with moral incentives rather than material ones operating. These chapters, and others that really open our blockade-shrouded eyes, are part of an invaluable contribution to the development of socialism so close to our shores. Enthusiasm alone is not sufficient for reviewing a book, especially this one, which predictably is being boycotted by the spokesmen for officialdom. *Leonard Boyer*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

What's New in the Middle Ages

CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS WORLD. *By Friedrich Heer. The Macmillan Co. 272 pp. $15.*

PILGRIMS, HERETICS, AND LOVERS. *By Claude Marks. The Macmillan Co. 338 pp. $14.95.*

MARRIAGE LITIGATION IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. *By R.H. Helmholz. Cambridge University Press. 246 pp. $25.*

BARBARA DAMROSCH

There are two good reasons why people still study the Middle Ages: first, because the people living then were quaint and odd and different from us; and second, because in many ways they were not different from us at all. To the cosmic historian, *we* are quaint and odd, and reading about the Middle Ages can help to explain how we got that way. That period, perhaps more than any other, shaped the power drives, the pieties and the sexual dichotomies that we can now identify in our own culture. Its mythologies adorn our psyches as surely as its swords and blazons (in gilded plastic) adorn our taverns.

There is a strange mixture of self-congratulation and nostalgia in much medieval history. If the subject is brutality, authoritarianism and ignorance, writers stress how far we have come since then. If the subject is the grandeur or glory of the Middle Ages, then it is a heritage they point to with pride and envy. Few face the difficult task of explaining not how the brutality and glory could have existed side by side but how they were often one and the same. This is partly the work of cultural historians, and psycho-historians; nonetheless, such matters are already influencing the way in which "straightforward" history is being written. All of the work being done on the Middle Ages currently bears watching.

Charlemagne and His World, by Friedrich Heer, is a lavish history, filled with pictures of Carolingian masterpieces —golden mosaics, gold-encrusted jewelry, golden reliquaries. The text, a comprehensive survey of Charlemagne's long reign in all its political, social and economic aspects, is itself a kind of reliquary, preserving at its very heart the idea of royal power in its essential form.

Charlemagne, whose name meant "Charles the Great," came to the Frankish throne at a time when kingship had only begun to be real rather than symbolic. While the do-nothing Merovingian kings had been mere figureheads, Charlemagne inherited from his father the power of anointed kingship, and was trained in the skills his vassals most prized, the chase and war. Since there was then no "state" as we know it, Charlemagne had no need to proclaim, as Louis the XIV was to do centuries later, "*L'état, c'est moi.*" In effect, Charlemagne's kingliness constituted the Frankish state. His commands, more often oral than written, were law. He was 6 ft. 3 in., a giant in those days. Heer points out that his first son, Pepin the Hunchback, could never have any authority, since "the Franks had a horror of physical deformity." Yet while the idea of Charlemagne's kingship may have been inseparable from the fact of his physical or personal grandeur, the idea did not die with him. He inherited a weak symbol, fulfilled it in a powerful way, and sent it on into history with his stamp on it.

Heer is far from feeling proud or envious about the economic basis of Charlemagne's power. A king could only maintain such power by bestowing land on his vassals, and the only way he could do that was by conquering more and more territory. The purpose of the state was war. The purpose of the feudal system was "to enable a few men to live in idleness, abundance and exercise of authority"—men who had not only serfs but slaves. Charlemagne's self-proclaimed role as the "pacifier" of rebellious subjects and converter of heathen at the point of the sword was a brutal one. In his Saxon campaigns, his major achievement, "elements of personal pride and obstinacy appear in Charlemagne's conduct of the war, and his fervent piety begins to resemble bigotry." He beheaded 4,500 Saxons in one day. Even the *Song of Roland*, which is all most people know of Charlemagne, is shown to be a pack of fictions—he was evacuating Spain in shameful defeat, not glory, and was jumped on not by the Saracen hordes but a pack of angry Basques.

Though Heer does not himself romanticize Charlemagne, he nonetheless leaves the determined reader an opportunity to do so. We are to applaud the intellectual and cultural "renaissance" that accompanied his reign, and mourn the decline of the empire after his death, in the hands of Charles the Fat, Louis the Stammerer and their ilk. Unification, that political virtue beloved of historians, has failed. While the underdogs receive some sympathy in this book, they do not always receive due attention. Who were the "barbarians" really —dissociated from the pejorative aura that history has given them? And what kind of life did the female half of Charlemagne's world lead?

The book's conclusions are cast as the value-free observations of the objective historian, but they anticipate possible opposition: "Charlemagne's conquests did make a contribution to the political geography of later Europe. . . . It is not currently fashionable to admire the feudal nobility or absolute monarchs; it is not necessary to admire them to see that they were essential stages in European development. . . . German historians of the 19th century liked to call Charlemagne 'the Father of Europe' . . . . his creation of an empire was the first event of the Middle Ages." In other words, Charlemagne was important because he was "important." We study the powerful because they were powerful, an act which is in itself a value judgment.

Claude Marks's book, *Pilgrims, Heretics, and Lovers* also makes an implicit value judgment, but on the other side. Marks credits Charlemagne and his court with a tremendous contribution to the learning and therefore the civilization of medieval Europe, but his book is essentially a tribute to traditions that later grew up in strong contrast to the patriarchal, theocratic kingship which Charlemagne helped to establish. Marks sees medieval France as divided into two distinct worlds, the military, crusading north, and the Midi, where secular love, religious heresy, free trade and individual freedom kept defiantly creeping in—for which the north persecuted the south throughout the Middle Ages and

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finally subjugated it completely. His title is a catalogue of subversive characters. Even people who made religious pilgrimages were disapproved of. Charlemagne's theologians, Marks says, were opposed to pilgrimages *per se*, but especially to pilgrimages undertaken by women.

The most remarkable aspect of Midi culture in general was, in fact, that it held women in such high esteem. Between the time of the church council in Mâcon in 585 which debated "whether woman has a soul" and that of the 12th-century troubadours who celebrated women's equality, even superiority, in matters of love, a major shift in attitude had occurred. (That this equality in love did not lead to full equality but to a ghettoization of women's power is the fault of subsequent history.) Marks understands this philosophical shift as not merely a shift toward secularity or sensuality but as a new attitude toward women. That attitude appeared, moreover, not in a vacuum but in the context of other liberating influences: the heroic piety of the Cathars, the rebirth of the arts and an atmosphere of permissive celebration of life. It was still the violent Middle Ages in southern France, and we must not exaggerate that permissiveness. Yet over and over we see the contrast between north and south: the law in the south that enabled women to inherit a fief; the expression, "The Franks to war, the Provençaux to the table"; the northern *pastourelle* in which the stupid peasant girl is seduced and dishonored by the knight and the southern one in which the proud peasant girl refuses the knight and tells him she'd rather be an honest peasant than a queen.

This history reads very much like a story. Its characters are queens and counts, dukes, poets and martyrs, all of them fascinating. Its one flaw is an occasional tendency to sound like a modern romance ("Eleanor was in the first thrill of her marriage to the young and virile Henry Plantagenet.") But the rest is respectable as history. The book ends with an account of the recent Occitan movement, which has tried to revive the arts, language and political separatism of medieval Provence—a fitting conclusion, for it heightens the connections many readers will make between that rebellious, millenarian period and certain aspects of our own.

Yet no matter how "relevant" we would like the Middle Ages to be, it may be necessary to look for the unexpected and the obscure in order to find out what really went on then. For this we need studies like *Marriage Litigation in Medieval England*. If the Heer and Marks books are popular histories, full of handsome visual aids, the Helmholz book is just the opposite. It has numerous footnotes, no pictures and requires a reading knowledge of Latin and a familiarity with medieval legal terminology. We don't learn everything there is to know about medieval marriage from it, but we do learn some intriguing facts. Marriage was, in antiquity and the Middle Ages, an entirely private matter; from 1350 to 1500 the Church courts were only gradually beginning to assert their authority over it. People could marry as they chose, with no other ceremony than exchanging vows—and that in all manner of places: "under an ashtree, in a bed . . . in a field, near a hedge, in a kitchen, by an oak tree, at a tavern"—even "in the King's Highway." They could divorce themselves, too. It may have been a sin to marry and divorce in this way, but it was not illegal. The most common task of the courts was to confirm the existence of these marriages, and they were called upon to confirm far more marriages than they were asked to dissolve. It was assumed that a marriage was forever, and to dissolve it one had to prove it invalid, usually on the grounds of consanguinity or a second more "valid" marriage.

The author's evidence and conclusions point to marriage as a fairly stable institution toward which the Church took a fairly unauthoritarian view. Helmholz sees the canon judge more "as a rather heavy-handed marriage counsellor" than an enforcer of laws, who settled cases quickly and in an atmosphere of little corruption. He notes that lawyers had scruples, and considered it their responsibility to drop a client's claim if they thought it was groundless. We find glimpses of very real people among the proceedings. A woman named Agnes who had married a minstrel named Kent was then forced by her family to marry a second man named Thorpe. Despite Thorpe's accusation that Kent was "a public minstrel and juggler, frequently, dishonestly and shamefully engaged in sport and displays of his body for the sake of profit," the court upheld Agnes's first marriage. In another case, a man claimed he was languishing near death for the love of a woman, who therefore agreed to be kind to him—let no one think that the *Ballad of Barbara Allen* is a romantic fiction. And, finally, there is one incident that shows, more than any other, how much we still have to learn about the Middle Ages, an era which was at the same time so much more strict and so much more permissive than our own. Here is the recorded court procedure, standard at York and Canterbury, whereby a group of seven women were deputized to test a man's potency and hence the validity of his marriage:

> The same witness exposed her naked breasts, and with her hands warmed at the said fire, she held and rubbed the penis and testicles of the said John. And she embraced and frequently kissed the same John, and stirred him up in so far as she could to show his virility and potency, admonishing him that for shame he should then and there prove and render himself a man. And she says, examined and diligently questioned, that the whole time aforesaid, the said penis was scarcely three inches long . . . remaining without any increase or decrease.

Now *that's* news. □

Connoisseurs of Ruin

THE FIRST CASUALTY—FROM THE CRIMEA TO VIETNAM: The War Correspondent as Hero, Propagandist and Myth-Maker. *By Phillip Knightley. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 465 pp. $12.95.*

THANK GOD WE KEPT THE FLAG FLYING: The Siege and Relief of Ladysmith, 1899-1900. *By Kenneth Griffith. The Viking Press. 398 pp. $15.*

PETER DREYER

The first casualty when war comes is truth.
Sen. Hiram Johnson, 1917

The art of polemical distortion is as old as war itself: Herodotus, writing up the Greek side, patriotically exaggerated the size of Xerxes's army to an improbable 1,700,000. Like many a subsequent writer on war, he was only repeating what he'd been told. The Father of History (a 4-year-old in Halicarnassus when the invasion in question took place) was the victim, in all likelihood, of an official handout.

Phillip Knightley dates the invention of the war correspondent proper to about

Peter Dreyer is a South African writer, the author of a novel, A Beast in View, *and an autobiography,* The Future of Treason. *His biography of Luther Burbank,* A Gardener Touched with Genius, *is being issued by Coward, McCann and Geoghegan.*

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twenty-three centuries later, beginning his survey with Sir William Howard Russell, pioneer representative of *The Times* in the Crimea. Russell is described by his epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral as "the first and greatest" war correspondent, and he called himself "the miserable parent of a luckless tribe." Knightley notes, however, that G.L. Gruneisen, the *Morning Post*'s man, probably had a better claim to the title of "the first." But he carelessly tells us nothing more about Gruneisen, whose place it is left to someone else to record.

Arguably, too, priority could as well be claimed for another Irish journalist, Edwin Lawrence Godkin, who was sent "to Turkey for the hostilities" by the London *Daily News* a year before the *Times*'s correspondent arrived on the scene. Godkin (1831-1902) was only 22 at the time, and possessed, in his own words, of "that common illusion of young men, that facility in composition indicates the existence of thought." He and Russell sent back trenchant criticisms of the British war effort, and "with two newspapers openly attacking it, the army found itself on the defensive, its worst fears about the nature of the press fully confirmed." When Lord Aberdeen's coalition ministry fell in 1855, the Duke of Newcastle, incoming Secretary for War, told Russell, "It was you who turned out the Government."

Godkin, who later remarked that "the most important result of the Crimea War . . . (was) the creation and development of the 'special correspondents' of the newspapers," migrated to the United States in 1856. During the Civil War he observed his American colleagues—more than 500 turned out on the Northern side alone—with a jaundiced eye. "Their communications," he wrote, "are what you might expect from men of this stamp—a series of wild ravings about the roaring of the guns and the whizzing of the shells and the superhuman valour of the men, interspersed with fulsome puffs of some captain or colonel with whom they happened to pass the night." In 1865 he founded *The Nation*, and became the first editor of this magazine.

Among European correspondents reporting the Civil War was Georges Clemenceau, a young doctor who wrote for *Le Temps*. Whether Clemenceau, afterward wartime Premier of France and "the Tiger" of Versailles, who more than anyone else was responsible for Germany's post-World War I humiliations, learnt anything from the experience, now seems open to doubt. Like that other sometime war correspondent, Winston Churchill, he came to preside over an elaborate censorship, and was anything but a pacifist. It is ironic, in retrospect, that he actually wrote a book on *American Reconstruction*.

On the whole, Civil War correspondents measured up poorly to their task. But the power—and the fallibilities—of the tribe were now clearly established, not least in the minds of the military, who from the outset had regarded these "writing chappies" with suspicion and distaste.

Mr. Knightley tackles his enormous field with considerable verve, but unfortunately he is not always to be relied on. For example, he tells us that "No correspondent attending the dedication of a national cemetery at Gettys-

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The sky ends where the salt begins.
Light notches the eye.
And the whiteness listens
like a mirror
you turn your back to
in the dark.

Philip Schultz

burg took any notice of President Lincoln beginning, 'Four score and seven years ago. . . .'" That is not the case. The Gettysburg Address was extensively reported at the time. Among the papers which quoted it (according to Carl Sandburg), were the Chicago *Times* ("The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat, and dish-watery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States"); *The Chicago Tribune* ("The dedicatory remarks of President Lincoln will live among the annals of man"); the Springfield *Republican* ("Turn back and read it over, it will repay study as a model speech"); the New York *Tribune*, the Cincinnati *Gazette*, the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, the Providence *Journal* and others. True, the pro-Confederate London *Times* merely jibed that "the ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln. . . . Anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce." The author has been caught here by reliance on secondary sources. Given the scope of the book, it is hard to see how he could have avoided this entirely. But that defense cannot be claimed for his bland reference to Lenin's assault, in the name of "revolutionary Realpolitik," on the Left Socialist revolutionaries and anarchists, as "the sweeping away of the debris of the past that had still remained inside the Russian revolutionary movement. . . ." This is a wickedly ignorant judgment, and quite inexcusable. Those same Left Socialist revolutionaries and anarchists, probably the truest revolutionaries of their day, were most of them afterward shot on the most trumpery charges.

This aspect of an otherwise interesting and entertaining book does not inspire confidence in the author's reporting. But he does nonetheless provide a valuable overview of the role of the press in wartime, particularly in Spain, the two World Wars, Korea and Vietnam—the last, he says, "better reported than any of the other wars examined here." Of especial interest, perhaps, is his account of the World War I period, when "the whole apparatus of the state went into action to suppress the truth." He makes it clear that America was in effect dragged into a conflict that was essentially none of her business by an unprecedented British propaganda effort: "Britain by the end of the war had created a propaganda organisation that became the model on which Goebbels based that of the Germans some twenty years later." Precisely from that seedbed of lies sprang Nazidom and all that followed.

The British-South African War of 1899-1902 was a watershed in that here began the systematic internal propaganda which has distinguished the wars of the 20th century. One of the earliest newsreel films shown to British audiences depicted a Red Cross tent under fire from the Boers while brave British doctors, nurses and orderlies tried to treat a wounded soldier. It was a fake, manufactured on Hampstead Heath with professional actors.

Among others on hand to report the war in South Africa was none other than Winston Churchill, correspondent of the *Morning Post*. Churchill continued the campaign of self-promotion he had pursued so blatantly in the Sudan, earned some £10,000 writing about the war, and occasionally turned a neat phrase, as when he described troops moving up to the lines in a "ceaseless living stream . . . and before them a guiding star, the red gleam of war." He noted enemy suffering with typical insouciance: "We had a good bag today, ten killed, seventeen wounded."

Kenneth Griffith, the Welsh actor and documentary filmmaker, has made five films about the Boer War, which he correctly assesses as a paradigm of imperial procedure. In *Thank God We Kept the Flag Flying* he presents an epic account of the siege of the little Natal town of Ladysmith, where more than 13,000 of Queen Victoria's soldiers were successfully penned up for some four months by a smaller army of Boer irregulars, while a relieving force of 30,000 British troops under Gen. Sir Redvers Buller committed every tactical blunder in the book trying to liberate them. Griffith's history is nothing if not partisan. His villains are plain from the start: Cecil Rhodes, "the English imperialist businessman personified," Joseph Chamberlain, "the sly, arrogant Tory Colonial Secretary," Sir Alfred Milner, "a cold, ruthless fish," and, of course, the bumptious young Churchill. The writing is punctuated with less than academic asides: "But how sickening politicians almost invariably are. That awful impulse: never speak the whole truth." But this blow-by-blow account of the idiocy and courage of British officers, the patriotic madness of Tommy Atkins, and the level-headed heroism of the Boers is a fascinating story and a coda to the theme outlined by Mr. Knightley. One of the war correspondents on hand, George Steevens of the London *Daily Mail*, who died later during the siege, started a paper of his own, the *Ladysmith Lyre*. "What you want in a besieged town, cut off from the world, is news which you can absolutely rely on as false," he wrote sardonically in the first issue:

> The rumours that pass from tongue to tongue may, for all you know, be occasionally true. Our news we guarantee to be false. . . . It is enough for us that Ladysmith wants stories; it shall have them. . . . It is possible, however, even in the best regulated newspaper, that some truths may unavoidably creep in. To save our readers the trouble of picking them out, these will be published in a special column by themselves. This division of the news, into true and false, is an entirely new departure in the history of the public press. Whatever you read in the space devoted to truth, you may believe, or not, as you like.

A pity, perhaps, that Steevens's innovation never caught on with the press at large. We might all be the honester for it today. □

Just the Author of Ethan Frome?

EDITH WHARTON: A Biography. *By R.W.B. Lewis. Harper & Row. 592 pp. $15.*

PETER HEINEGG

If great writers are the prophets and saints of culture, the last few years have seen a notable flowering, not, alas, of sainthood, but at least of hagiography. And Prof. R.W.B. Lewis's monumental book on Edith Wharton now marks him as one of our leading Bollandists, a master of the rigorous, monkish art of literary history. Lewis has worked his way through a staggering mass of documents (Yale alone has something like 50,000 items concerning Edith Wharton),

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ordered it, shaped it and produced a work both solid and elegant, generous and controlled, exhaustively researched and consistently readable. In short, a first-rate performance.

It is a tribute to Lewis that one cannot get very far into this biography without feeling a pang of embarrassment: how could we have neglected someone so important? For after all, how much of Edith Wharton's enormous *oeuvre* have we read? *Ethan Frome*, of course, and a story here and there, but . . . Lewis has caught us red-handed neglecting a national treasure. Perhaps he is mistaken in treating her as a major figure, perhaps he exaggerates. One opens a novel of hers (*The Age of Innocence*, say) to check. No, it's all there, the vivid sense of place, the wit and maturity of style, the penetrating knowledge of society, the wonderful mixture of irony and compassion. As a reviewer wrote in this magazine over fifty years ago, she writes about the ways of old New York "as familiarly as if she loved them and as lucidly as if she hated them."

Much has been made of Lewis's discovery of Edith Wharton's adulterous affair in her mid-40s with the journalist, Morton Fullerton. Though Fullerton seems to have been a shabby character in some respects, he undoubtedly played a crucial role in the author's life, opening wellsprings that twenty years of an ill-assorted marriage had never touched. When we think of Edith Wharton, we think of the older, almost demonically energetic *grande dame*, before whom that timorous elderly bachelor Henry James quailed in (mostly) mock dismay. "Good God, what a woman—what a woman! Her imagination boggles at nothing! She does not even scruple to project me in naked flight across the Atlantic."

Lewis's portrayal of that Edith Wharton, bustling around Europe and North Africa with her breathless entourage, or triumphantly enthroned in her two sumptuous French mansions, is unforgettable. If living well is the best revenge, then she had a lavish and lovely revenge. But while she loved luxury and relished the pleasures of art and nature, she was no mere aesthete. She had a tremendous capacity for friendship, and she was spiritually vigorous till the end of her life. As she wrote to Bernard Berenson, "Never having suffered from acedia, and feeling more, the older and more solitary I become, the pregnant, piercing beauty of mere being-aliveness, I find it difficult to enter into the other state of mind."

The fact that Lewis's biography is

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such a masterful job does not mean that the unspecialized reader will always find his story absorbing. It has the weakness—from that point of view—of a labor of love that is also a labor of literary scholarship: Lewis lingers over the details of the architecture and interior decoration of Edith Wharton's various houses, over the minute stages of her husband's descent into senility, over the endless parade of rich and brilliant people who came to her dinners. That sort of Parnassian gossip gives the biography a few dull stretches. Edith Wharton was a vibrant and immensely civilized person, but much of her life was hardly more dramatic than that of any other cultivated member of the upper class.

Still, Lewis's book is a splendid success. *Edith Wharton*, more than one critic has already suggested, heralds a revival of the novelist. If there is such a revival, much of the credit will surely be his. In the next few decades many readers who have never heard of Lewis's book will yet be reading Edith Wharton because of it. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

The big book was open and the pen lay ready. Visitors signed their names; some scribbled a bravo or two for the show they had just seen. "I wish," one wrote, "they would make an exhibition of this in my hometown." The exhibition, "Amoskeag—A Sense of Place, A Way of Life," at the Currier Gallery of Art, Manchester, N.H., this fall was not a "hometown" show as such. But the writer sensed its meaning: the old mills (mostly in blown-up photographs now) were entwined with the lives of the Amoskeag workers—their homes hitched into it physically; their view of its splendidly curving half-mile canal embodied the intimacy of life and work. The seemingly endless brick structures, "the largest and perhaps most spectacular textile mill complex in the world," were organic, as all cities once were.

The 19th-century New England mill owner was our Puritan Medici. Not for the American capitalist were the art-studded luxuries of the Old World; it was luxury enough to create this planned village. Many Amoskeag owners (the complex is part of Manchester) had the tenacity over several generations to contrive a "Sense of Place," as Randolph Langenbach, its organizer, defined the exhibition. For all the oppression—long hours, low wages—these architectural autocrats knew how to shape a place for work into a unified and beautiful physical presence. (We, who can't eke a blade of grass from our showy plazas, must look abashed at just the lawn that Amoskeag raised for its workers.)

It is not mere nostalgia or afterglow that makes us value these mills of Manchester today. "They are not ornate," a British journalist, Thomas Young, wrote at the turn of the century. "Ornate walls are often hideous—but they are built of a warm red brick, beautifully weathered, and form a continuous curved façade (like the concave side of Regent Street, in London), nearly half a mile long. Rising sheer out of a deep, clear, swift-flowing stream upon the other bank of which are grass and trees, they need little more than to be silent to masquerade as ancient colleges."

Such comments printed on cards, plus the show's visual presentation, emphasized the appeal of these plain structures. The mill's most impressive view, the lower canal (see photo) was hung in a bend of the museum wall to enhance the spirit of enclosure, the harmony of the waterway and the forms contoured to it. Bits and pieces salvaged from the mills (doors, old tools, a bracket, machinery) standing or suspended like art works from the ceiling, had the rough appeal of age and use. The photos of mill workers were taken in the last decade by Langenbach, or more than half a century ago by Lewis Hines. Architectural history, personal history, mixing, merging, give a sense of identity. They connect the yesterday, today and tomorrow that bulldozers bury. Langenbach and Sergio Modigliani designed the traveling exhibition.

Down the hill a way from the Currier Gallery lie the real mills, by the Amoskeag River. They are a shadow of themselves, mostly ratty where not ruined as the town demolished its impoverished past; the canal, too, has been filled. In the last decade, mill architecture was too mundane for most preservationists. "Urban complex" was not in our school texts, never mind our urban renewal codes.

Nonetheless, fall scenery becomes the Amoskeag mills. Even the scraps along the river have splendor. One of the towers that punctuated the snaking brick body has been restored and, back a bit, there are some few of the workers' houses. Still tenanted, they slope up and away from the factory site. They await only the stamp of chic, it would seem, to look more like modish town houses than the humble (if socially advanced) housing that they were a century ago.

Nor can time erase the most engaging aspect of this old mill architecture today: its notions of unified planning and coherent control—in the bridges that linked the place, in the strong entryways, in the total environment with its housing, its front stoops, its grass. Here, in time, in thought, in action, a linear city evolved. True enough, imperial industrialists dictated it all; there was muscle and authority behind the unity. But the instruction that elms and maples should be "intermingled" and the command that they "shall afterwards replant said trees as often as any of them shall die" seem benign. These were more than pure dollar demands and, certainly, no more draining of individual liberty than the freedom to build and ravage at will.

Long before the Amoskeag owners could know tomorrow's needs, they planned the half-mile canal and, piece by piece, controlled the mill buildings down even to the color of the bricks. "No structure stands isolated or distinct," one exhibit card noted, "even though the construction and reconstruction of the mills progressed over perhaps seventy-five years." Joined by bridges, topped by the mansard roofs of the towers with their medieval brickwork and pierced openings, alternating arched and square windows, culminating at the canal's end where the waters tumbled over the falls in a dramatic finale, there was thoughtful urban design. Even Lewis Mumford in his diatribes against technocracy would recognize this place as "of a better order."

In this half-life between past use and total abandonment, other warehouses, worn-out factories and mills stand as kin to the aristocratic Amoskeag. Less impressive than this total town, they still encrust block after block of America's older cities and towns. As preservation feelings grow, a few have begun to find a happier future.

The less comprehensive Peabody Tannery in Peabody, Mass. shows how talent and determination can invest abandoned architecture with a new-old identity. "Ninety per cent rented," said the developer of the old leather company the other day, puffing his cigar complacently amidst the butcher-block tables and potted plants of a place that had seemed fit only for flattening a few years ago. A lumberman and in the business to make a profit, the co-owner of the Crowninshield Corporation that built The Tannery couldn't be happier

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about the transformation of three mills and a "little mansion" into 284 units of housing, with community rooms, laundry, plazas and the like.

Colored by age and chipped by time and hard use, the structures that began life as a leather mill are not beautiful but something rather better: the water that served the industry has been dredged, the stench of the old leather era is gone and, in the most visually dramatic act, even the tanning vats have been cut down to make enormous weathered flowerpots. Old people who remember the life and death of the place follow the path where cows were stripped for their hides, and a schoolboy stands fishing in the once murky pond, as if hired for the part by Norman Rockwell.

Architects Anderson Notter Associates, Inc. have done more than create spit-and-polish high-style design. This is no simple Cinderella story in the manner of Manhattan's brownstones or Washington's Georgetown. The architects have stressed the rough-and-tumble history of the place; in their words, they "allowed the old building to breathe through." There is no attempt to be precious or pretty; the tenants were not self-conscious stylists or city slickers; since the development was financed by the Massachusetts Housing and Finance Agency and sponsored by the town, the place required low-income residents, the elderly and natives, as well as more affluent tenants.

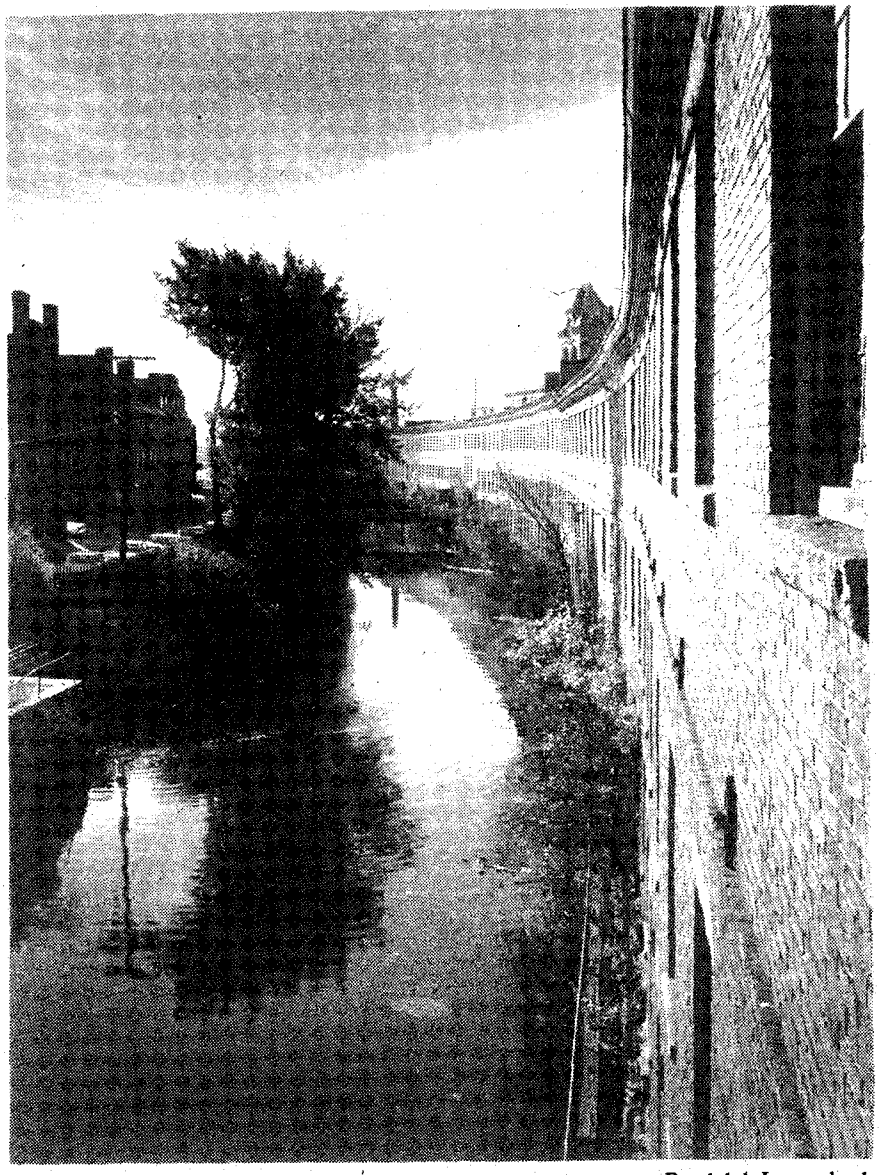
The old architecture, the old history, defined the new interiors: where columns happened in the old tannery, they happen in the apartments. Where overhead beams held the weight of big machines, they still march overhead in the apartments like heavy-booted ghosts. Bits and pieces from the leather days —sometimes sculptural, sometimes rather less lovely—project. In this guts-out approach, heavy machines stand about as industrial "art" or tannery nostalgia; the ragged brick and concrete plazas remain from old sheds and factory parts. Whether charming or intrusive, the architectural ancestors of these apartments contribute: the attractive sloping brick columns of the biggest structure draw the eye from a fire-alarm box tacked awkwardly at the front door; the carved beams relieve less palatable sprinkler pipes; the old stone slabs of the window ledge or the nicely framed new windows mitigate the ugly air conditioners, and so on.

Old buildings present obstacles too; but obstacles invite ingenuity. Again and again, one sees how the architects were pulled beyond routine to create lively arrangements. When the given frame made for skinny apartments (80 feet long instead of the usual 60 feet) Anderson Notter put the bedrooms on platforms or mezzanines and punched out the wall for a peep-through to the light of the windows. There are ten different apartment designs with uncalculated corners and other delights not possible in new construction ruled by the T square. To the surprise of all, the zanier units rented first.

Leftover mill space comes cheap: the mansion tossed into the Peabody package became an office for the developers on one floor and community space on another. The bridges that once transported goods were refitted for tenants to walk from building to building—a third-story skywalk beyond price. No wonder the architects and financing MHFA learned to love the Tannery. Paint over its peeling smokestack, said the developer. No, said architect Tim Anderson. Let the "landmark" stay.

The smokestack, along with the high Victorian peaks of the nearby Peabody City Hall, stand as landmarks to the new ability to feed life into what remains of 19th-century downtown Peabody. The Tannery brings 284 families to revive the shops and services of the ravaged old city. On foot. The tenants help fill gaps in an urban fabric—as could newcomers to so many similarly placed empty attics of our early industry. (Indeed, the MHFA has half a dozen old factories, mills or warehouses, recycled or ready for the job, and most of them edge onto such old centers.) They bring life to weepy neighborhoods, as the more celebrated Ghirardelli Square rejuvenated the more glamorous San Francisco harbor.

Such abandoned shells can be a source and salvation everywhere. The



Randolph Langenbach

Amoskeag, the Lower Canal

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labor of countless workers is hoarded in their piled stone. Skills long gone—the corbeling of brick, the sloping columns, the bulky beams, the ornament on the plainest façade—are irreplaceable in a time when new construction itself is too dear to do any job. In the arithmetic of resource saving, every stone kept is double its worth: the cost of the original materials, plus those needed to replace them. "We save 20, 25, 30 per cent of costs by recycling," says developer Larry Collier of the Tannery. There are savings in time and, in this environmentally conscious era, in hassles with no-growth neighborhoods.

Beyond these savings, the 19th-century mills help save the walking city to which they belonged—compact towns, multi-family dwellings, dense settlements based on foot power for transportation. Their compactness now allows better human servicing (the old people get free lunch service at the Tannery), more economical mass transit, and the possibility of Main Street sidewalks along real shops, not fast-food islands in dead seas of asphalt.

Going with the grain was the practice of the 19th-century architect: ruthless or not to our eyes, these builder ancestors followed the natural world of water, land, stone and the tight-knit world of the pedestrian. For all their bombastic confidence in the future, for all their faults, these Victorians could not run roughshod over their environment. We can learn from their physical remains. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I confess to have betaken myself with reluctance to the two most recent major theatre openings: Tom Stoppard's *Travesties* and Robert Patrick's *Kennedy's Children*, for I had recently commented on both (*The Nation*, August 16). But on seeing them again, I noticed things I had not previously perceived. Which goes to show. . . .

About *Travesties* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) I had written that its author is "brilliantly adept as well as highly cultivated. He is certainly entertaining. Besides his shrewd theatrical sportiveness there is in him an itch to communicate matters of philosophical import." I failed however to grasp exactly what the import of *Travesties* might be. I supposed it to be contained in the play's concluding lines—"You're either a revolutionary or you're not, and if you're not you might as well be an artist as anything else. . . . If you can't be an artist, you might as well be a revolutionary. . . ."

I realize now that this aphorism sums up an attitude that informs Stoppard's other plays: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* and *Jumpers*. This attitude—in its context it cannot be called a "philosophy"—is one of almost total skepticism: we can be sure of nothing. Humankind is tossed about in a storm of experience with no certainty as to its origin, direction or outcome. The thought may cause us to shed tears or arouse laughter. Stoppard laughs.

The joke in *Travesties* is that the memory of our own past is as unreliable as everything else. In the play is Henry Carr, who was British Consul in Zurich in 1917. There he met James Joyce who had undertaken to produce *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in which Carr was to play Algernon—or, as he repeatedly says, "was it the other one?" Carr also supposes that he encountered Lenin, resident in Zurich at the time, as well as the Dada poet Tristan Tzara. If he had stopped Lenin from boarding the sealed train which took him to Russia, Carr might have foiled the Bolshevik seizure of power. But, he speculates, that probably isn't so, since Marx himself had maintained that the doom of capitalism was inevitable and, in that case, the revolution would have taken place if Lenin, or for that matter Marx, had never existed. Ergo the individual person can't alter the course of history. It's a rationalization for social passivity —or for becoming an artist!

For purposes of theatre criticism it is not essential to dispute the point. What I must assert, however, is that in this play Stoppard is neither a revolutionary nor, except in a most limited sense, an artist. The play is a charade, full of antic capers, educated allusions and bright writing in high-grade English. As such it is a superior show not entirely without significance. Its amused skepticism suggests flaccidity of will, the weakening of moral sinew characteristic of our time. It gratifies those for whom a jocular literacy and a modicum of theatrical and intellectual glitter are sufficient.

The Royal Shakespeare production is also attractively clever, though John Wood, a versatile and gifted actor, pushes his characterization too hard. It is an excusable fault, since his role and all the others in the play are cartoons.

Kennedy's Children (John Golden Theatre) is a rather unfortunate title because it leads many to suppose that the show deals specifically with John Kennedy's children! It is about the

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"Discovery—THE NATION, '76" has been opened jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its second year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and THE NATION's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

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years just before that President's election and the nine subsequent ones—the 1960s. Though called a play, it is not one in the traditional sense, but rather a series of fragmented monologues by five personages who in 1974 enter an East Village bar. They never make contact with one another, but singly relate their several recollections of that time of troubles.

There is a schoolteacher who revered the President; his assassination was a horrendous shock to her, a shock much like that sustained by a would-be actress for whom Marilyn Monroe's death became symbolic of the general decline. There is a soldier hopelessly muddled by the tension between his innocent idealism and his participation in the shameful war. Most striking of all is a young woman who engaged both in the follies and the bravery of the epoch. For her the nadir of disillusion was the killings at Kent State. She bemoans the final issue of the collective struggle—"We've been marching since we were babies and all we did was to make Jane Fonda famous." Later, truthfully and poignantly, she cries out: "But we did some good, we did."

Still an outstanding success in London, *Kennedy's Children* is not art nor even a "good play," yet I finally found it stirring. It is a welcome addition to the Broadway scene where production of plays of immediate urgency are now all but extinct. And though drama has other and larger purposes, I see no reason for rejecting propaganda and journalism in the playhouse.

It is doing the piece an injustice to think of it as merely retrospective. The disruptions and tragedies of the 1960s were not isolated phenomena. They were part of the fabric of our history since World War II. The present is not as explosive, but in many respects it is worse. We are now plunged into a morass composed of dejection, cynicism and grumbling that approximates total surrender. The note struck at the end of the evening is telling: while the girl activist defends the ructions her generation provoked—"we did some good"—she also clamors for renewed struggle and at the same time bewails her ignorance of how to effect such action.

The play is somewhat meretricious, especially in its gags about homosexuality. Still, it rises to moments of eloquence. The latter is often achieved and sometimes spoiled by an overindulgence in an array of alliterative adjectives and a kind of gaudy denunciation.

Kennedy's Children is staged here, as it was in London, by the English director Clive Donner. His production there was much more subdued. There was far less movement and brash histrionics within a more modest setting and a smaller house. This may be due to the different temper of our audiences. In London the audience viewed the play more soberly because they recognized in it parallels with the sorry condition of their own society. Donner may have felt that our people demand more "fun"—physical action, showiness, bounce. The actors here are called upon to address the audience head-on and perform what are virtually single "numbers." Almost every phrase is italicized in graphic illustration. When the hippie girl speaks of marching she very nearly prances across the stage. When the Marilyn Monroe fan reports on the various types she had to model herself on, the actress who plays the part is obliged to imitate all the silly poses which attend such exhibitions, lest we miss the comedy point. This extends several speeches to boring duration and to a sort of poster obviousness—to rounds of applause on each occasion. It takes some time before we gather that what the speeches have to say is not chiefly intended as comedy.

Still the cast is good—more experienced and individually more talented than the one I saw in London. Shirley Knight brings not only her prettiness but her intelligence to her role of the frayed actress, though she looked and sounded in every way superior to the character's circumstances. Barbara Montgomery is decently direct as the schoolteacher, Michael Sacks's authentic Americanism as the soldier is wholly sympathetic. Don Parker is happily without too many frills in the rather irrelevent part of an off-Off-Broadway actor. Most memorable of all is Kaiulani Lee whose vehemence as the committed rebel of the 1960s is thoroughly convincing, not only because she looks exactly right but because of the genuineness of personal feeling she brings to it. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"Jewish Experience in the Art of the 20th Century" is the topic of an exhibition at the Jewish Museum (until January 25). It has been compiled from a wide range of sources and is fascinating as an exercise in thematic rather than stylistic meanings. The proximity of Soutine, Modigliani, Barnett Newman and the Soyer brothers is extraordinary to contemplate. The question raised by the show is, of course, what, if any, specific properties can be discovered within Jewish art as a whole? There is a characteristic recurrence of bearded

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men, of crowds (which sometimes connote migration, sometimes concentration camps), and scenes of the new country as a setting for preserved rituals and of work. The cultivation of pathos in these scenes is a way of expressing the sense of provisional location in place and of dubious security.

But though the iconography of Jewish experience is certainly present in figurative art, it is not so evident in abstraction. More argument and more evidence is needed than Avram Kampf offers in his introduction to the catalogue. The soft banks of color in Rothko, for example, are compared to "concealing drapery" before the hidden god. Well, perhaps, but to establish the point Rothko's Jewishness would have to be compared to the general uses of veil imagery and to the resources of Abstract painting available to Rothko when he worked. An opportunity to be precise is offered by Adolph Gottlieb who, as Kampf mentions, worked for several synagogues: a comparison of the symbols in the personally initiated paintings with those in the commissioned works might cast some light on the role of Jewish symbols in Abstract art. Would de Kooning's work look Jewish if it were included in the show? I have a feeling it would because of the assumption that Expressionism is essential to Jewish art. However aside from the pictures that do meet this expectation, the elegance of Modigliani, Michael Kiköine and Abraham Mintchine is no less convincing and should not be overlooked.

Alexandra Exter is one of five women artists known to have been active in early Soviet art, a period that is only sketchily understood. She is remembered as a painter, when she is known at all, so that the appearance at the Leonard Hutton Galleries of a group of marionettes by Exter done in 1926 is an event of consequence. Later Cubism dealt often with the commedia dell'arte (Pierrot, Harlequin and all that) and in her marionettes Exter realizes these personages three-dimensionally. The vigor and élan of popular theatre mingles engagingly with Cubism. The accessories of the costumes give literal form to patterns and volumes from the surface of Cubist paintings. Thus a figure will incorporate the lozenges of Cubism, but hanging loose in the form of a skirt. Other costumes incorporate numbers and words from the environment, like collage, but applied here to a "Sandwich Man," a "Robot" and a "Salesman." Shards of modernity are exuberantly incorporated in the traditional cast.

The Museum of Modern Art set the standard for long, scholarly monographs on modern artists, with clear texts based on a maximum of systematically presented information. The museum no longer lives up to its reputation: the only recent ambitious catalogue is that for the Anthony Caro exhibition and, though the learned apparatus is present and correct, the protracted treatment of a light-weight artist is inflationary. As the Modern's publication program has declined, the Guggenheim Museum has emerged as its rival. Its program started in 1971 with a big Mondrian show and catalogue and continued with Miró in 1972; now there is Frantisek Kupka. Margit Rowell was curator of all three shows. (There is another contender among the Guggenheim's fat catalogues, that of Max Ernst early this year, but it does not measure up to the others in precision.) The Kupka catalogue is a scrupulous affair of more than 300 pages, full of unfamiliar information about works that have been only glimpsed before.

The exhibition fills most of the museum and certainly represents more Kupka than most people want to see. However the artist was an interesting early modern and is very little known, which is ample reason for a leisurely and definitive account. The Kupka revival seems partly to result from the de-Parisianization of 20th-century art (Kupka was Czech) and partly from the steady increase in the activity of commercial galleries with his work in the past fifteen years. In the catalogue, Meda Mladek discusses his Central European sources convincingly, stressing the formative value of what Kupka took with him to Paris when he moved there in 1901 at the age of 30. His forms are profusely ornamented and his space elaborately chambered; his color is a strange mix of sweet and sour, of swimming-pool blue and Vermont fall yellows. It is sometimes forgotten that early Abstract art was the product of a desire to apprehend universal laws, not a withdrawal from reality. Kupka is a worthy companion of these sentimental absolutists, among whom must be counted Mondrian, Malevich and Kandinsky.

An example of the kind of thorough catalogue that the Museum of Modern Art used to do accompanies the Bradley Walker Tomlin retrospective organized by the Emily Lowe Gallery, Hofstra University, and the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo. (It is a traveling show that can be seen at the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute, Utica, until December 28.) There are extensive entries for each work as well as a list of works not in the exhibition, with the result that the catalogue has become instantly the fundamental document for the study of this painter, replacing the briefer memorial catalogue published by the Whitney Museum in 1957. Tomlin was a member of the Abstract Expressionist generation, though not one of its foremost personalities.

This show does not isolate the later work, the all-over paintings of 1948 and after, from what went before. These paintings, exceptionally sensuous in touch, seem shaped as much by physical contact with the canvas as by visual judgment, though that was acute. The successive forms, scumbled and frayed, are shaped in good part by the pressure and rhythm of the brush on canvas. Before achieving this painterly mode Tomlin was a formalizing figurative painter and a Cubist, and the presence of these earlier works is welcome. To show the earlier and later works together means that the life of the artist gives the exhibition its coherence, not his attachment to a particular style. The catalogue by Jeanne Chenault is based on a doctoral dissertation. Though pedestrian in its insights, it is objectively informative, one of the gradually growing body of monographs that will put the study of recent American art on firm ground. □

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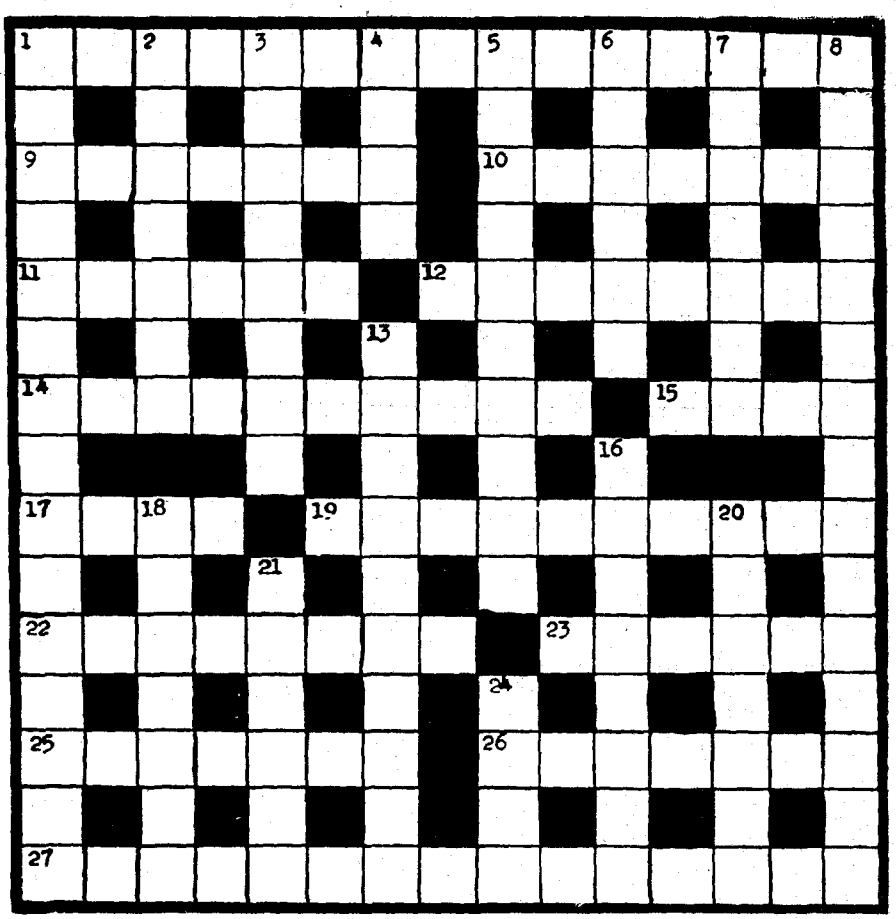

ACROSS

1 As Old Marley was to begin a favorite Carol? (4,2,1,8)
9 Similar to a mimic? (7)
10 One doesn't reputedly make a summer drink this way. (7)
11 To tear to pieces in turn? (6)
12 Snow-bound writer. (8)
14 They might be crossed at entrances. (10)
15 Have an inclination to be other than fat? (4)
17 24 down obviously makes money! (4)
19 They couldn't have more than nine commandments left to break! (10)
22 Treated like a king. (8)
23 Genus of the carrot and hemlock family as an ingredient of Rose's Elixir. (6)
25 Going by what you already know, this ill-fitting pair took Rio by storm. (1,6)
26 Not a nice word to apply to one in the building brotherhood! (7)
27 A sign that someone is against the Wearing of the Green? (4,3,3,5)

DOWN

1 Help to get it up with a rigorously discriminating grade—it might be attached to a letter. (11,4)
2 The kind of man Gunga Din was might be of some aid. (7)
3 It might be for gold. (4,4)
4 Tools about which things might 11. (4)
5 Early and late, one isn't this. (2,8)
6 They might 11 with spit. (6)
7 Exceeding all others in past history. (3-4)
8 Drop down on the target. (5,4,6)
13 Does it involve having courage enough to do away with investment? Things stand out in it. (4,6)
16 Getting even? (8)
18 Attila was one of God, but beat. (7)
20 They sang about her as being dear and sweet. (7)
21 Miss Novak has on nothing but a loose robe! (6)
24 This writer sounds as though he'd either have to serve at court or be burnt! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1607

ACROSS: 1 April Fool's Day; 10 Trample; 11 Affable; 12 Contralto; 13 Tally; 14 In play; 16 Pinioned; 19 Granting; 20 Indent; 22 Lethe; 23 Untamable; 25 Nerissa; 26 Operate; 27 Orange-blossom. DOWN: 2 Plain; 4 Feeble; 5 Oratorio; 6 Safety in numbers; 7 Ambulance; 8 Stocking; 9 and 3 Very Important Person; 15 Plasterer; 17 Dithered; 18 Incubate; 21 Stroll; 22 Long; 24 Bravo.

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